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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance: selected and translated from the Italian. With 16 illustrative Drawings by Geo. Cruikshank. 12mo. pp. 253. London 1823. C. Baldwin.

THE Publisher of these Tales distinguishes himself, even among the leading Bibliopoles of our day, by the peculiarly neat and tasteful style in which he produces his volumes: the present is every way worthy of his reputation, and for paper, printing, and ornament, claims every praise. Nor, generally speaking, are we less pleased with the literary portion of the work. The romantic division is perhaps rather deficient, and about a fifth of the stories are not sufficiently interesting; but the translator has performed a grateful office in weeding the Italian Novel of its pruriency, and giving the public a selection of this class, which will not offend while it creates laughter, nor pollute while it amuses. For this alone he merits our warm recommendations, and we are confident they will ensure to him the popular recompense of his labours.

The Tales are seventeen in number, and entitled as follow:—*The Teacher Taught; The Unexpected Reply; Who am I? The Dead Rider; The Skillful Physician; The Pomegranate Seed; The Fatal Mistake; The Dead Alive; The False Champion; The Merchant of Venice; A Skeleton in every House; The Elopement; The Friar Entrapped; Antonia and Veronica; Belpagor, or Domestic Happiness; The Sleeping Draught; The Counterparts.*

Of these we shall only particularize the most prominent. *The Teacher Taught* bears a strong resemblance to Falstaff's adventures with Mrs. Ford, and is fully as humorous: Don Juan's first love adventure in Spain also resembles that of the young hero on this occasion.

Who am I, is a cleverly perplexed piece, in which a man is hoaxed out of his own identity; a fable common to Italian writers, and well wrought out in all the circumstances here. *The Dead Rider* is the original of Colman's Knight and Friar, and has the same details. *The Pomegranate Seed* is one of the Griselda school—a school so debasing and unnatural, that we never relished one of the tales, nor of the dramas founded on them, though certainly general favourites, while ancient manners rendered them less improbable. *The Skeleton in every House* is so short, and so pretty a moral lesson, that we shall transfer it to our page in a future Number as a contrast to the merry *Belpagor*. These shall be our examples, and we shall only add that the *Friar Entrapped* is ludicrous in its conclusion, and *The Sleeping Draught* the same with Romeo and Juliet.

BELPAGOR.

"We find in the ancient records of Florence, that a most holy man, whose life was, in after years, celebrated for sanctity, being

one night deeply engaged in meditation, fell into a dream, and saw numbers of the souls of wretched mortals, who had died under the displeasure of the gods, and inhabited the dark regions of Pluto, complaining, at least most part of them, of having been driven to such misery by marriage; the which greatly surprised Minos, Radamanthus, and other infernal judges, as they did not credit those falsehoods against the sex. But these complaints increasing daily, after informing Pluto of it, it was resolved to hold a council of all the infernal deities upon the subject, and ultimately determine upon what might be best to do, in order to ascertain the whole truth of the case. These being called to council, Pluto spoke in the following manner:—'Although, my dearly beloved, by celestial power and irrevocable fate, I possess this realm, and am wholly unaccountable to any celestial or mortal being, yet as it is more wise to listen to the opinions of others, I have resolved to take your advice in a case that might eventually be of great dishonour to our empire; all the souls of men that come into our infernal kingdom, say that their wives are the cause of it; this appearing impossible to us, we therefore fear that in passing sentence on this subject, we may, perhaps, be accused of too much cruelty, or of not being sufficiently severe, and unfriendly to justice; being desirous to avoid both these charges, we have called upon you for your advice and assistance, in order that this realm may remain, as it ever hath been, without disgrace.' It appeared to all the infernal lords that it was a most momentous case, and they unanimously agreed that it ought to be sifted to the very bottom, but disagreed about the means and manner of carrying the investigation into effect; some were of opinion that one of them should be sent into the world, in the shape of a man, to ascertain personally the truth; others thought it might be done with less difficulty, by compelling several souls, by various torments, to tell the truth; but the majority decreeing that some one should be sent, they decided upon the former opinion. No one being inclined to take this business upon himself, it was settled that chance should determine, the which fell to the lot of the arch-devil Belpagor, who, before he was kicked out of heaven, was called archangel; he, though against his will, was compelled by Pluto's power to accept the office, and prepared to do that which the council should determine, and bound himself to such compacts as had solemnly been stipulated between them; the which were, that he who should be deputed should immediately receive a hundred thousand ducats, with which he was to come into the world with the features of man—take to him a wife—live ten years with her—then, feigning death, should return; and, by his own experience, prove to his superiors what are the sorrows and comforts of the married state. It was moreover fixed that he should be subject to all the misfortunes and all the evils incident

to man—that of poverty, imprisonment, diseases, and other calamities which men draw on themselves, unless he could extricate himself from them by deceit or cunning. Belpagor, having assumed the man, and taken the cash, came to the world, and, after having ordered his horses and attendants, he made cheerfully towards Florence, the which city he chose in preference to any other, as the one where roguery and usury were most likely to thrive; and, taking the name of Roderigo, he hired a house in the Borgo d'Ogrisanti. In order that they might not enquire who he was, he gave out that he had quitted Spain, when very young, and going to Syria, had gained all his wealth at Aleppo, and that his object in coming to Italy was to take a wife, as being a more civilised country, and more congenial to his feelings. Roderigo was a very handsome man, about thirty, and being in a very few days known to possess immense riches, and it appearing that he was liberal and humane, many noble citizens who had plenty of daughters, and a scarcity of money, made offers to him; out of the number, Roderigo selected a most beautiful young lady called Onesta, daughter of Amerigo Donati, who had three other daughters almost marriageable, and three sons grown to man's estate. Although he was of a noble family, and greatly esteemed in Florence, yet, in consequence of a style of living suited to his rank, he was very poor.

"Roderigo's wedding was most splendid; nothing usual on such occasions was forgotten or neglected; it having been decreed before he left the dark regions, that he should be subject to all the passions of men, he soon took delight and pride in the pomp and vanities of the world, and the praises of men, the which cost him dear enough; besides this, he had not been long with his wife before he fell desperately in love with her, and was wretched if she happened to look otherwise than cheerful, or was displeased at any thing. Madonna Onesta had not only brought youth and beauty to Roderigo, but such a share of pride, that he, who was a tolerable judge, thought the pride of Lucifer himself was a mere nothing to it; this greatly increased the very instant she perceived how much her husband doted upon her, and as she thought she could rule him as she pleased, she commanded him imperiously, nor did she hesitate, if he denied her any thing, to abuse and maltreat him, the which greatly annoyed him, yet the ties of matrimony, and the love he bore her, made him endure all with patience. I make no mention of the very enormous expenses he was at to please her in new fashions, which naturally often vary in this our city, and which he was obliged to submit to for the sake of peace. He was compelled to help his father-in-law in portioning the other girls; then again, to be on good terms with her, he was compelled to equip one brother for the Levant with clothes, &c., and the other to the west with silks; and, lastly, to open a goldbeater's shop for the third, all of which

consumed the best part of his fortune. Moreover, in the carnival time and festival of St. John, when the whole city is nothing but feasting and revels, and when the noblemen treat each other with splendid entertainments, Madonna Onesta would not yield to any lady in splendour and show, but insisted that her Rodrigo should outdo them all in magnificence. Quietly did Rodrigo bear all these things for the reasons above mentioned—peace and quietness; nor would he have grudged the expense, though very annoying, nay, would have even borne more, could he but have had peace in the house; or could he have waited quietly the moment of his ruin: but, on the contrary, it was quite the reverse, for besides the ruinous extravagance she led him into, her diabolical nature wearied him daily, nor was there a servant in the house that could stay any time. Rodrigo, of course, suffered much in not being able to keep a single servant that could take care of his property, for the very devils he had brought with him, under the shape of servants, rather chose to return to hell, among their native fire and smoke, than dwell in the world under her controul. Rodrigo going on in this dismal way, and having wasted all his property in the above manner, began to live on the hopes of remittances from the east and west, which he expected to receive; but being put to shifts and having good credit still, he borrowed on promissory notes. At this juncture the intelligence arrived from the east and west, that one of the Madonna Onesta's brothers had gambled away all Rodrigo's property, and that the other, on his return with a ship laden with goods uninsured, had been drowned, and the ship sunk. The instant the news was made known, the creditors assembled, and judging he was a ruined man, they being prevented from making any demands, the notes not being as yet due, agreed it was proper to keep a watchful eye over him, in order that he might not give them the slip. Rodrigo, on the other hand, seeing his situation desperate, and thinking of the infernal law that bound him to this sublimary world, determined to be off at any rate. He mounted his horse one morning, and living near the gate Alprato, he rode through on his way. No sooner was his departure heard of, than the creditors were roused up to action, and applying to the magistrate, they flew with the police, and even the populace, after him. Rodrigo was scarcely one mile off, when he heard the outcry behind him. Conceiving the road was but an indifferent protection; he thought that striking across the fields would be a far safer way; but in so doing he found so many ditches in his road, the which are frequent in that part, that he alighted, left his horse, and ran on foot through fields covered with vines and reeds, with which that country abounds. He arrived at Peretola, at the house of Matteo del Bricca, a labourer of Giovanni del Bene, and as chance would have it, found Matteo feeding the oxen. Rodrigo begged of him to save him from the hands of his enemies, who, he said, pursued him, to take him and shut him up in gaol to die; promising him a great reward, and adding, that he would enrich him; and would, before he left him, give him such proofs that he could no longer doubt; and should he not keep his word, he would allow him to deliver him up to his pursuers. Matteo, though but a labourer, was a man of spirit, and kind hearted; and thinking he could lose nothing by protecting him, he pro-

mised so to do, and concealed him behind a dunghill, covered him up with lumber, and sticks which he had brought for firewood. Rodrigo had scarcely time to conceal himself properly, before his pursuers reached the place, who, however, could not obtain from Matteo an avowal that he had seen any such a one as they described. They, therefore, continued their way; being unsuccessful in their search, after two days pursuit, they returned back to Florence. When the bustle was over, Matteo took him out of his concealment. Rodrigo said to him, 'Matteo, I am under the greatest obligation to you, and will reward you, and that thou mayest believe me, I will tell thee who I am:'—upon this he related to him who he was, and the orders he had received on going out of hell; his taking a wife; the eternal plague he had with her, and moreover, the means he should use to enrich him, which was this:—when he should hear that there was a young woman possessed with the devil, to be quite assured that it was he who was within her, and that he should not cast himself from her until he himself should come, by which means he might get such payment from her friends as he might choose. Thus agreed, he disappeared. Very few days had elapsed, when it was reported in Florence that a daughter of Ambrogio Amadeo, who had married Buonjuto Zebalducci, was possessed by the devil. The friends, of course, tried all the remedies usually resorted to in such cases, such as placing the head of Saint Zarobi on her head, and Saint John of Gualberto's cloak, which things were rendered of no avail by Rodrigo, and to make it clear that the diseased had really and truly an evil spirit within her, he made her speak Latin, and hold a disputation on philosophy. She made public the sins of people, and particularly those of a monk, who had kept a female more than four years under the dress of a young friar; which things people much marvelled at. Messer Ambrogio, however, was truly miserable, and had lost all hopes of a cure, when Matteo having heard of the case, came to him, and told him that if he would give him five hundred florins to purchase a little farm at Ponterolo, he would restore the lady to her perfect senses. Ambrogio accepted the offer, upon which Matteo having ordered several masses to be said, and numerous mysterious ceremonies to be performed, in order the better to conceal the business, he accosted the lady, and whispering into her ear, said, 'Rodrigo, I am now come to thee that thou mayest perform thy promise:' to which Rodrigo answered, 'But this sum is not enough to make thee rich, therefore as soon as I depart from this, I will cast myself into the daughter of Charles, King of Naples, nor will I depart from her until thou comest to me. Thou wilt then make thy own demand to the king, and after this never trouble me more.' This said, he came forth from the lady, to the great amazement and joy of all present. It was but a few months after, that the news was spread through Italy of the accident which had befallen King Charles's daughter. All the attempts of the monks proving ineffectual to relieve her, and the king having heard of Matteo, immediately dispatched a messenger to Florence to fetch him. Matteo arrived soon at Naples, and, after some artful practices, removed the evil spirit from the lady; but before Rodrigo quitted his hold, he said, 'Matteo, thou seest I have kept my word with thee in enriching thee; I therefore am now under no obliga-

tions whatever to thee: do not thou ever attempt to appear before me, because I might hereafter do thee much harm, instead of the good I have done thee.' Matteo, returning to Florence very rich, for the king had given him fifty thousand ducats, thought of enjoying his wealth in comfort, unconscious that Rodrigo would ever do him any injury; but this hope was soon frustrated by news arriving that the daughter of Louis the Seventh of France was possessed of the evil spirit; this quite upset the mind of Matteo, considering the power of that king, and coupling, withal, the threat of Rodrigo, if ever he appeared before him. Meanwhile, Louis unable to find a cure for his daughter, and being told of Matteo's power of exorcism, sent at first a messenger to request his attendance; but Matteo alleging indisposition as an excuse, the king was obliged to apply to the government, who compelled Matteo to obedience. In great grief and perturbation of mind did Matteo arrive at Paris; he told the king that certainly there were such things by which he had formerly cured persons possessed with the devil, but that was not the case with all such, because there were some of so wicked a nature, that neither threats, exorcism, or religious ceremonies could move them; yet that he would certainly do his best, but that should his endeavours prove useless, he entreated his majesty to pardon him. The king, greatly disappointed and incensed, replied, that if he did not cure his daughter, he certainly should be hanged. Matteo, of course, felt much alarmed at his ticklish situation; nevertheless, summoning up his whole stock of courage, he desired the lady might be called in, and with all humility, in a whisper, entreated Rodrigo to take pity on him, reminding him of what he had formerly done by him: to which Rodrigo answered, 'Treacherous villain, hast thou the boldness to appear before me? dost thou forget I made thee the rich man thou art? I will now show thee and the world how I can bestow gifts, and bereave mortals of them at my pleasure, and before thou quittest this place, I'll have thee gibbeted.' Matteo, conceiving he was lost, and seeing no other means of escape, determined to try his fortune in another way; therefore, desiring the lady might be dismissed, he said to the king, 'Sire, I have already told your majesty that there are such malignant spirits, against which nothing will avail, and this is one; however, I will try one last experiment, which, should it succeed, will make your majesty and myself most happy; should it fail, I hope your majesty will feel that compassion towards me that my innocence deserves. To this effect your majesty will please to order that a large platform be erected at the piazza of Our Lady, large enough to contain all your barons and clergy, decking the railing with cloths, silks, and gold fringes; in the middle of this platform I wish an altar to be placed, and on Sunday morning next I wish your majesty to attend in solemn and royal pomp, with all your barons and clergy in their richest canonicals, when high mass shall be chanted, and the lady brought forth. Besides these things, I do request that a group of at least twenty persons be placed at one corner of the square, with each a trumpet, horn, bangle, cymbals, drums, kettle drums, or other terrific instruments, who, at the waving of my hat, shall immediately strike up and walk on towards the platform; this and certain other exorcisms

will, I hope, drive the evil spirit from the lady. Every thing was ordered by his majesty which Matteo desired; and on the Sunday morning the king, barons, clergy, and populace being assembled, the mass was celebrated, and the lady brought up to the platform by two bishops, and several noblemen. Roderigo, when he beheld such a multitude collected together, was almost confounded: 'What the devil does this dastardly scoundrel mean to do,' said he to himself; 'does he think to frighten me by all this show and bustle? does he not know that I am used to the pomp and splendour of heaven, and the fire and furies of hell? but I will punish him, that I will.' Matteo approached him, and entreated him to be gone. 'What do you mean,' said Roderigo, 'do you think to terrify me by all these preparations? dost thou think to shelter thyself from my power and the king's rage? wretch! scoundrel that thou art! I will have thee hanged, cost what it may;' and at it they went, abusing each other, till at last Matteo thought it would be useless to lose any more time, and gave the signal by waving his hat. All those that had been ordered played up, and with an infernal noise approached the scaffold. Roderigo, at this horrid cry and noise, pricked up his ears, and remained stupefied, not knowing what it could mean, and asking Matteo what all that meant. Matteo, seeming quite alarmed, said, 'Oh, Roderigo, it is your wife, it is your wife that is coming to you!' At the hearing of his wife's name, no one would credit the agitation, fright, and terror it threw him into; and without considering the improbability of its being so, he was so thunderstruck that he instantly made off in a bustle, and left the lady free, preferring to go back to hell and give an account of his mission, to encountering the vexations, spite, troubles, hardships, and dangers to which the marriage yoke had subjected him. Thus Belphegor returned to the infernal regions, gave a true and circumstantial account of all the evils which a wife brings into a house, and Matteo, highly delighted at his exploit, and at having outwitted the devil, returned home in raptures."

We should have been glad of a note to each Tale, mentioning its date and derivation; and trust the translator will favour us so far in his future editions, and continuations if he has materials for what we are sure the public will like.

We have still a word to say on the Designs by Mr. George Cruikshank, which are at once original, diverting, and characteristic. The etchings of this able artist, full of invention and humour, are often confounded, we perceive, with the performances of his brother Robert, which belong to a very inferior rank, and are especially deficient in the grand quality of invention. In the present volume, the subjects are as well engraved as they are happily imagined.

Sur la Catastrophe de Monseigneur le Duc D'Enghien. Par M. le Duc de Rovigo. *Pièces Historique et inédite relative au Procès du Duc D'Enghien, précédées de la Discussion des Actes de la Commission Militaire.*

THESE TWO Parisian pamphlets, the latter from the pen of M. Dupin, a highly distinguished Liberal, have naturally created a much stronger sensation in France than in this country. For us they have chiefly the attraction of illustrations of an interesting historical tragedy; for the factions or parties which

agitate the political sphere of our neighbours, they possess many deep and personal considerations.

Our Paris Letter (p. 713, *Lit. Gaz.*) briefly described the first of these brochures, and spoke of the common opinion in the capital as holding that Savary had implicated Talleyrand without extricating himself; and, our Letter of last Number (p. 729) explained the character of the last publication as a legal argument against the whole process by which the Bourbon Prince was hurried to death. In this exposition it is indeed most complete.

Since then, it appears that others of the threatened pamphlets have come forth; and one, it is said, written by Hullin, asserts that the sentence of the court-martial was iniquitously executed instantly by order of an individual present, whom the author can name, without allowing the judges the privilege they claimed, of recommending the prisoner to the mercy of the first Consul. And yet another version is found in the St. Helena works, where Buonaparte himself is made to claim the fatal measure, as a grand stroke of policy to discourage attempts in favour of the exiled family, and terrify his enemies; a measure to which, he asserts, he was justified in resorting, and to which, under similar circumstances, he would resort again.

In allotting, from probabilities, the pre-eminence of guilt and bloodshed upon this memorable occasion, it may not be amiss to refer back for the characters of the individuals who contest the sanguine palm. It is true, we can only go to prejudiced sources, when rancour and hatred ran high; but still a something may be gained, perhaps an approximation towards truth, even from the exaggerated and injurious statements of bitter adversaries.

Of the first Consul we may observe, that at the time of the Duc d'Enghien's catastrophe he was so absolute and despotic, it is most unlikely that any one of his inferior officers, agents, or courtiers, durst act in so incalculably important an affair without his knowledge and sanction.*

Savary boldly endeavours to excuse him by asserting that it was a government measure, and that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs signed the order for the trial; but this is false, for the order (given in the 2d pamphlet) is signed "le premier Consul Bonaparte," also by "Hugues Maret," and countersigned "le Général en Chef, Gouverneur de Paris, Murat." And the latter vile tool signed the further arrêté which nominated the Commission, and ordered them to assemble instantly at Vincennes "to condemn, without separating, the accused, upon the charges enumerated in the arrêté of Government"—(pour y juger, sans désemparer, le prevenu, sur les charges énoncées dans l'arrêté du Gouvernement.)

Who can doubt that Buonaparte himself and his myrmidons, here seen acting thus precipitously and unjustly, were the assassins of the unhappy Prince? Had the Consul been ignorant of the crime, had he thought it would make him odious, as his apologist Savary represents him to declare, what hindered him to expose and degrade the infamous inter-ferer between him and the prisoner at the moment?—Nothing!—The *Pièces Historiques* sets the affair in its true light: "The capital (says the writer) was informed of the death

* Savary says in his pamphlet, "At the epocha of Georges' conspiracy the first Consul was at the height of his moral power."

of the Duc d'Enghien and of his trial at the same time. The impression was terrible. The first Consul himself was frightened. Perhaps he found that his chosen ministers had executed his orders too punctually. But, the blow had been struck, the crime committed; it was now most needful to justify it, if possible, in the eyes of the people and senate."

To effect this, it is demonstrated that all the original report of the proceedings was falsified, which took nearly three weeks; and yet even the newly manufactured documents showed the whole to be as illegal and murderous as the first rude statement.

Talleyrand has ever had the reputation of being a wily and very able, if also a treacherous politician; rich and avaricious, looking to all chances, and certainly not a man of whom we would predicate that he would, by a horrid crime, irrevocably commit himself beyond the reach of pardon on any side, and especially by a crime whence it is not easy to see that any advantage could accrue to himself.

In 1789, the ex-Bishop was an ardent advocate for the liberties of man; in 1791, a Republican Constitutional; then disgusted with the revolutionary horrors, he emigrated to England and America, and only returned in 1799 to France, where his acknowledged talents speedily raised him to the topmost rank as an adherent to Buonaparte; but during all his tergiversations and all the charges against him, we do not observe that he has been accused of bloodthirstiness, or of any of those atrocious deeds which so stain the careers of others. In short, he was rather a temporizer than a villain, an intriguer rather than a murderer: and except in Savary's insinuations and assertions, does not appear at all implicated in this murder.

Savary, Duc de Rovigo, on the other hand, has been charged by the Ultra Royalists with being a most consummate scoundrel, a common bravo who stabbed Dessaix, the kidnapper of the Royal Family of Spain, the agent in the secret murders of Wright, Pichegru, &c. and, in fine, as Minister of Police, the wickedest tool and instrument of tyranny. We have said that these statements are derived from enemies; but such is the person as his foes venture to paint him. Was he likely to resist the will which doomed the youthful Prince to destruction?

In truth, he alleges that he had not the power, and was compelled to act as he did, in his military capacity of commander of the troops sent to Vincennes. A base and miserable apology. But when he goes farther, his own words overwhelm him, and take away all force from his accusations of others. He suggests that if the death of D'Enghien had been desirable to Buonaparte, it would have been preferably attained by secret assassination at Ettenheim!! Were such the ways recommended by this (afterwards) Minister of Police, familiar as he seems to be with darkling murders? We cannot credit a syllable of his tortuous narrative; for it is inconsistent with itself and the published documents. He first tells, that on returning from the execution he met Real, who was going to interrogate the Prince; but on being told that he was already dead, went back to Paris, while Savary himself proceeded to give the same information to Buonaparte at Malmaison; but in another

† In his second edition it is seen that his motive for publishing was to prove that he was not unworthy of employment by the present government!!

place he makes R  al the informant of Buonaparte at Malmaison, and relies greatly on a saying of the Consul to that person. Which, if either, of these stories is true, matters not; for if the first were, it would only show that R  al, like others, had been mystified; if the second, that he was probably no more ignorant of the murder than his superiors. That the latter is the natural presumption, is obvious from his two letters to Hullin on the day of its perpetration, hastily requiring the judgment and the interrogations of the court. These documents, however, were too grossly illegal in every part; and then Murat presses for another and more ostensible version of this cruel mockery of law and justice from his "dear Hullin." Yet this Murat, M. Savary would have us believe, was tempted by Talleyrand to get that done, which if the consul did not like to order he would most highly approve.

The anecdote of the lanterne, Savary not only denies as personally implicated, but denies that any lantern was necessary to direct the aim of the soldiers against the victim: this is in direct contradiction to every other testimony. The *Biographie des Contemporains*, published at Brussels in 1818, although entirely favourable to Buonapartism, relates under the article "D'Enghien," that "the night being very dark, they fastened a lantern upon his heart, as a direction to the executioners;" they then, (it adds with appalling fidelity) threw him, dressed as he was, into a grave which had been dug on the preceding evening, when he was at supper. The grave of an accused dug before his sentence!! Monstrous and matchless atrocity! But we now come to Savary's worthy coadjutor, Hullin.

Hullin has always been accused of being deeply concerned in the Paris massacres, and in every species of crime, which raised him, when society was dislocated, from the husband of a washerwoman to the dignity of General and Count. How far these things are strictly true, we cannot determine; but it is, we believe, notorious that he was a leader of the assault against the Bastille, and the *Moniteur* of 1789 (Nos. 22 and 70, according to the Dictionnaire des Girouettes) mentions him as the person who took the unfortunate De Launay unarmed to the H  tel-de-Ville, where the mob murdered him. Our inference is, that such a person was not likely to take a lively interest in saving the unarmed Duc d'Enghien;—was not likely to retard the consummation of the crime assigned for him to commit.*

Murat, the then Governor of Paris, has also been always spoken of as of a sanguinary disposition; and his relations with Buonaparte put any opposition to his resolves out of the question. Indeed, as we have stated, it was under his counter-signature that the Military Commission was convoked at Vincennes (not to try, but "pour juger;"† it was he who named its members; it was he who, the day after the catastrophe, addressed its president as "mon cher Hullin;" it was he who superintended the getting up of the fictitious Minutes to excuse the deed,—and it is not too much to say, that after directing and witnessing the fatal catastrophe at Vin-

cennes, it was he who hurried to Paris to press similar measures against Pichegru and his associates.

But leaving these ruthless ruffians to share the immortal infamy of the transaction among them, regardless how the divisions of it fall on Buonaparte, Murat, Hullin, Savary, R  al, and the minor instruments, we beg leave to quote one most important record which proves that no individual (as insinuated by Savary) either did or had occasion to intervene between the victim's prayer and mercy, and expedite the foul judgment. This is the sentence of the Court itself, which commands that the execution should take place DIRECTLY.‡ These fatal words *de suite* (quoted below) destroy the entire farce of Savary's trumped-up vindication; and demonstrate who were the contrivers and the perpetrators of this atrocious act.

We have in our analysis made use of strong language: we have not abstained from calling the death of the Duc d'Enghien murder and assassination, nor the principal actors in it villains and murderers. And this we have done advisedly on the mature consideration of the *Pi  ces Historique*, than which a more authentic and luminous exposition, or one doing greater honour to the writer and the profession to which he belongs, has never come under our cognizance.

It gives and is founded upon the public documents!!!

It sets out to prove that the guilt of which it treats was the crime of some men, "*fut le crime de quelques hommes*," and not of the laws, which were violated and outraged in every step and stage of it. By the clearest deductions, and quoting the laws of the Republic existing at the period, M. Dupin shows that the arrest was illegal, the Court incompetent, the process irregular, the judgment vicious, the execution murderous, and the subsequent acts replete with fraud and forgery.

The Duc d'Enghien was not an emigrant, but a banished man. He was residing, during perfect peace, not only in an independent State, but with his residence there sanctioned by the French Government, to which Baden had applied for the permission. This sanctuary was forcibly violated! The fore-doomed Prince was hurried to a dungeon; he was arraigned before a military tribunal, whereas the charges against him of *complots* ought legally to have been tried by an ordinary court. He was roused from his sleep, and tried at midnight, contrary to the law of France, which ordained that such proceedings could only take place by day "*de jour*;" he was executed in darkness, contrary to the law of France; he was neither allowed to call witnesses nor name a defender, contrary to the express laws of France; — but, as the eloquent writer exclaims, why should we pursue the examination of this sad monument of ignorance and infamy? Tried in night, condemned in night, the Duc d'Enghien was slain in night; day did not witness a crime so atrocious. This horrible sacrifice was consummated in the same darkness during which all the laws had been violated—all, even that one which prescribed publicity of execution, as the last refuge offered to the unfortunate against the illegality or barbarity of punishments.

Borne into the ditch, they would have

   Ordonne que le pr  sent jugement sera ex  cut   DE SUITE    la diligence du capitaine-rapporteur.

made the Martyr kneel: "A Bourbon (he replied) does not bend the knee but before God." They refused him the solaces of religion; and to sum up all in the language of M. Dupin, (which we have rather paraphrased than translated in this article)—political power changed the whole system of the laws in pursuit of vengeance. It altered the order of jurisdictions, it appointed devoted judges, it violated or directed their consciences, it dispensed with the forms, it abridged the delays, it did not demand justice from them—it demanded blood! They gave it! Iniquitous Judges of every age and country; mean tools of vindictive tyranny, of individual ambition or of the fury of factions, may infamy cover you through future ages! Ye bear the poignard of the assassin, and do not wield the sword of the law.

Such were the murderers of the Duc d'Enghien—cruel, lawless, midnight murderers; and with the author, to whom we are so much indebted, we consign them to the execrations of posterity.

TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1824.

LIKE the parish beadle, only in a more pleasant form, though it does remind us that our years are passing rapidly away, and that the life of man is a span, *Time's Telescope* calls upon us regularly about Christmas; and is really so meritorious that we cannot refuse it the meed of a willing gift,—unfeigned praise. Like its ten predecessors, this eleventh annual volume is an entertaining and well-selected miscellany from the good things of past literature, together with original productions of congenial character. From among the latter we select, as a specimen, a brief but interesting biographical sketch of a Bard to whom the periodical press of the Season is deeply indebted for some of its most comely ornaments; and who has raised a still more lasting reputation by his separate works, all of which unite the best feelings of our nature with sentiments of the purest morality and virtue. The 31st of January is noted by the *Telescope*, looking back upon the year 1784, as the birth-day of Bernard Barton; and, allowing for a few reductions and alterations made agreeably to our own taste, the following is the substance of its account of that popular writer:

"We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers 'some account' of the 'QUAKER POET,' whose elegant and interesting productions have afforded so much gratification to every reader of pure taste and right feelings. It is a source of gratification to us to be able to reckon Mr. Barton among our correspondents and well-wishers, and we consider it no small honour to have such an *avant-courier* for our annual volume in the preliminary Ode with which he has kindly favoured us for the last and present year. It does not always happen, unfortunately, that an intimate acquaintance with the author is calculated to increase our admiration of his writings; in the present case, however, we can safely assert that the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of Mr. Barton's poetry has been greatly enhanced by what we have heard of his amiable private character, and of many little circumstances of his life which are unknown to the mass of his readers. Anxious that our friends may participate, with us, in this pleasure, we shall lay before them some particulars of our Quaker poet, which cannot fail to gratify a rational curiosity, and must, we think, excite

* Another account says the Duke held the light himself, but all agree that a lantern was necessary.

† Hullin, it is said, has lately led a life of religious austerity and mortification.

a strong interest in favour of the moral bard of Woodbridge. Of the authenticity of the materials our readers may be perfectly satisfied, as they are furnished by one who is well acquainted with Mr. Barton.

BERNARD BARTON was born in the vicinity of London; his father was in trade in the metropolis, whither he had come from his native place, Carlisle. The subject of this memoir had the misfortune to lose his mother one month after his birth: her maiden name was Mary Done, and she was a native of Rockcliffe, Cumberland; she died at the early age of 32.

His father died before Mr. Barton was seven years old; but his second marriage, which took place a few months before his death, provided an excellent parent for his children; to her, and to his two sisters, both several years older than himself, our author owed infinite obligations. His education at one of the Quaker seminaries was, of course, plain and circumscribed, being pretty much confined to useful, indeed necessary, branches of knowledge. But his father had been a man of greater natural and more cultivated intellect than many; he had read much, and on the abolition of Slavery, in which he was one of Clarkson's earliest associates, he had, on several occasions, proved that he could write well, though, we believe, he was never avowedly an author. He had left no despicable collection of books, so that in his school vacations ample means were afforded to his son of indulging his taste for reading.

In the year 1806, Mr. Barton took up his residence in the pleasant town of Woodbridge in Suffolk, and commenced business as a merchant; but an unlooked for domestic affliction of the severest kind was about to visit him, and his worldly prospects were to receive an irrecoverable shock,—the loss of his amiable wife, before they had been married a twelvemonth, and soon after the birth of her child! This excellent woman, to whom our poet was for so short a time united, gave rise to some of his best pieces.

This mournful event, combined with discouraging prospects of a mercantile nature, induced our author to retire from commercial pursuits on his own behalf; and in 1810 he obtained a situation as a clerk in the Woodbridge Bank, which he still holds.

Soon after Mr. Barton had entered upon his present situation, he began 'to commit the sin of rhyme,' and, a new Provincial Paper being established about this time, it became the vehicle of his effusions; by degrees he became bold enough to send a short piece now and then to a London paper, and at last, in 1812, ventured on an anonymous volume entitled 'Metrical Effusions,' 250 copies of which were printed by a bookseller of Woodbridge, and sold within the immediate circle of our author's acquaintance. In 1818, Mr. Barton printed, by subscription, a volume of 'Poems by an Amateur,' of which 150 only were struck off, and none ever sold at the shops. Encouraged by the very flattering manner in which these impressions of his poems were received by his friends, he at last ventured to publish, in a small volume, 'Poems by Bernard Barton,' which was very favourably noticed by the Literary Journals, and being afterwards made still more known by an article in the Edinburgh Review, has now reached a third edition. Little more than a year ago he published 'Napoleon, and other Poems,' of which there have been numerous very flattering notices in the critical journals.

"Such has been the literary career of Bernard Barton. If it have not left behind it the brilliant track of other poetical comets, it has been less erratic in its course;—and his Parnassian vespers may be said to possess all the mild and soothing beauties of the Evening Star. If his Muse have not always reached the sun-ward path of the soaring eagle, it is no extravagant praise to say that she has often emulated the sublimity of his aerial flight. But the great charm thrown around the effusions of the Suffolk bard is that 'lucid veil' of morality and religion which 'covers but not conceals' that 'silver net-work' through which shine his poetic 'apples of gold.'

"We must now conclude our notice of the bard of Woodbridge: it has occupied more space than we usually allot to articles of this nature, but the interest and the novelty of the theme must plead our excuse. Should this brief account excite the curiosity of our readers to become better acquainted with our friend, we refer them to the whole-length portrait painted by himself, and contained in every page of his 'Poems.'

To this tribute we cordially unite our concurrence. Mr. Barton, as an amiable person and a sweet writer, deserves all the encouragement he has received, and all the praises which have been bestowed upon him. And, if this be true as referring to disinterested sources, he certainly merited no less from a publication to which he had contributed the annexed introductory Poem, entitled 'Flowers.'

He who delights to trace, with serious thought,
In all he sees the noiseless steps of TIME,
Shall find the outward forms of Nature fraught
With ample food for many a lofty rhyme;
Or should he fear such dazzling heights to climb,
And love to tread a less aspiring way,—
Leaving untouched the awful and sublime,
And seeking humbler objects to pourtray,
May find in such the theme of many a pleasing lay.

What though the glorious Sun, enthron'd on high
May more conspicuously this lesson teach;
Of moon and stars, which gem the midnight sky,
A yet more touching homily may preach,
As day to day still utters ceaseless speech,
And night to night yet added knowledge
Shows,—

Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach,
And Wisdom purest precepts may disclose,
Cull'd from the Lily's bloom, or gather'd from the
Rose!

Yes,—you, delightful handy-works of HIM
Who arch'd the Heavens, and spann'd this
solid Earth,
Before whose glory day's proud light is dim,
And Art's achievements, if not food for mirth,
Display at best its barrenness and dearth,—
You, too, instruct us, and with "line on line,
Precept on precept," show us by your birth,
Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline,
TIME's never-ceasing flight, and tell us truths divine.

You, as the changing Seasons roll along,
Still wait on each, and added beauties lend:
Around the smiling Spring a lovely throng
With eager rivalry her steps attend:
Others with Summer's brighter glories blend;
Some grace mild Autumn's more majestic mien;
While some few ling'ring blooms the brow be-
friend

Of hoary Winter, and with grace serene
Edwreath the King of storms with Mercy's
gentler alien.

Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring:
Leave at your Maker's call your earthy bed,
At his behest your grateful tribute bring
To light and life, from darkness and the dead!
Thou, timid Snow-drop, lift thy lowly head;
Crocus and Primrose, show your varied dye;
Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed,
Yourself the while retiring from the eye,
Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that
passes by.

And you,—in gay variety that grace,
In later months, with beauty the parterre,
"Making a sunshine in the shady place,"
As Una and her milk-white lamb were there;
Arise! arise! and in your turns declare
The power of Him who has not only made
The depths of Ocean, and the heights of Air,
And Earth's magnificence, but has display'd
In you that power and skill with beauty's charms
array'd.

Uplift, proud Sun-flower, to thy favourite Orb
That dike whereon his brightness loves to dwell;
And, as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself The Garden's Sentinel:—
And thou too, gentle, modest Heather-bell,
Gladden thy lonely birth-place: Juncus, spread
Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the smell;
You Evening Primroses, when day has fled,
Open your pallid flowers, by dew and moonlight fed.
And where my favourite Abbey * rears on high
Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest,
Ye Wall-flowers, shed your tints of golden dye,
On which the morning sunbeams love to rest,—
On which, when glory fills the glowing west,
The parting splendours of the day's decline,
With fascination to the heart address'd,
So tenderly and beautifully shine,
As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

Convulvulus, expand thy cup-like flower,
Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue;
Clematis, wreath afresh thy garden bower;
Ye lofter Lilies, bath'd in morning's dew,
Of purity and innocence renew [pride
Each lovely thought; and ye, whose lowlier
In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,—
You of The Valley nam'd, no longer hide
Your blossoms meet to twine the brow of purest
Bride.

And Thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
To hearts that own our nature's common lot;
Thou, styl'd by sportive Fancy's better feeling
"A Thought," "The Heart's Ease," or "For-
get me not,"

Who deck'st alike the Peasant's garden-plot,
And Castle's proud parterre; with humble joy
Proclaim afresh by castle and by cot, [clay
Hopes which ought not, like things of time, to
And feelings Time itself shall deepen—not destroy!
Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween,
With every Flower to grace my votive lay;—
And unto Thee, their long-acknowledg'd QUEEN,
Fairest and loveliest! and thy gentle sway,
Beautiful Rose, my homage I must pay,—
For how can Minstrel leave thy charms unsung,
Whose meek supremacy has been always
Confess'd in many a clime, and many a tongue,
And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has rung?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme;
Yet could I borrow of that tuneful Bird
Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale beam,
As Fancy's graceful legends have avers'd,
Those thrilling harmonies at midnight heard
With sounds of flowing waters,—not in vain
Should the loose strings of my rude harp be stirr'd
By inspiration's breath, but one brief strain
Should re-assert thy rites, and celebrate thy reign.

* Leiston Abbey, in Suffolk. † The Nightingale.

Vain were the hope to rival Bards,—whose lyres,
On such a theme, have left me nought to sing;
And one more Plant my humbler Muse inspires,
Round which my parting thoughts would fondly cling:
Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful King,
Though fair as any gracing Beauty's bowers,
Is link'd so Sorrow like an holy thing,
And takes its name from suffering's fiercest hour,—

Be this thy noblest fate, imperial Passion-flower!

Whatever impulse first conferr'd that name,
Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art,
I freely own its spirit-touching claim,
With thoughts and feelings it may well impart:—

Not that I would forego the sure chart
Of REVELATION for a mere conceit;
Yet with indulgence may the Christian's heart
Each frail memorial of HIS MASTER greet,
And chiefly what recalls his love's most glorious feast.

Be this the closing tribute of my strain!
Be this, fair Flowers! of charms, your last, and best!

That when THE SON OF GOD for Man was slain,
Circled by you, He sank awhile to rest,—
Not the Grave's captive, but a Garden's guest,
So pure and lovely was his transient tomb!
And He, whose brow the wreath of thorns had prest,

Not only bore for us Death's cruel doom,
But won the thornless crown of amaranthine bloom!

The Prison for Condemned Criminals (called the Spinnhaus), and the other Prisons of the City of Hamburg, &c. &c. By A. E. Martens, Merchant, Acting Superintendent of all the Prisons. Hamburg 1825.

THE worthy author of the volume before us, published, about a year ago, a similar treatise on the Infirmary in the City of Hamburg, which, as well as the prisons, was under his judicious management. He had indeed been solicited by many respectable persons, who were struck with the advantageous results of the system pursued by him, to communicate them to the public. This pamphlet being intended for the use of his fellow citizens, he was far from expecting the flattering reception it met with, not only in Germany but in other countries, especially Russia. He justly considered such encouraging testimonials as calling on him to complete his first work, by communicating the result of his experience as chief director of the criminal and other prisons, for a long series of years, under very extraordinary circumstances. A few extracts will give a clear view of the author's opinions, which are entitled to the serious consideration of all who feel an interest in the important subject of Prison Discipline, to the amelioration of which this may be a practical guide in all countries, and demonstrate the beneficial effects of the humane system which Mr. M. has adopted in the establishments committed to his care.

"It cannot be denied that in these latter times some individuals, animated by cordial zeal in the cause of their suffering fellow-creatures, have attempted, and in part effected, improvements to their advantage; but how barren their exertions have on the whole been, is but too clearly shown by the present state of these establishments, and the subsequent life of the individuals who have been confined in them.

"The greatest criminal, of whatever description he may be, still retains, even amidst the most licentious and wicked course of life, a spark of that noble feeling, which seems to cease only with the natural end of man. If this spark be but duly appreciated, and sedulously and constantly cherished, it may be almost taken for granted that he is still capable of being in some measure, if not wholly, reformed."

Speaking of prisons, he observes that they ought in general to be *bettering houses*; but experience has shown how little calculated the majority of such establishments are to attain this object:

"It is true that it is very difficult to unite punishment and reformation in one mode of treatment; and I am disposed to affirm that it is idle to attempt it. Punishment does not reform, and reformation can be attained only where there is some sense of honour and shame still left, which, however, in a considerable number of ordinary criminals, seems to be nearly extinct. The mode of treatment hitherto pursued cannot rouse this feeling, but may even weaken it where it still exists, and perhaps cause it to be changed into obduracy, and by degrees into wickedness.

"Though it is true that a man may be terrified by what is disagreeable, it is false that he is reformed by it. A man in a state of difficulty and constraint is led, by the innate instinct of self-preservation, to consider any thing that can relieve him as allowable, and tacitly excuses himself by self-created delusions, the emptiness of which he obscurely feels, but will not confess to himself.

"In many, if not in all, the chief reason of their fall and their transgressions is to be sought in education alone. Most criminals, with a few exceptions, are generally the clearest heads, endowed with distinguished natural talents, which have received indeed a wrong direction, and, not being applied on any steady principles, easily degenerate. Frequently there is neither evil disposition, nor an actual inclination to vice; and only an ordinary thoughtlessness, the subsequent consequences of which were indeed not taken into account on the commission of the first fault, drew after it a series of transgressions naturally, and as it were necessarily, leading to each other, and ending in a total fall. The man whose intellectual faculties have been duly cultivated, who has supported the consciousness of his powers on the foundation of human felicity, religion, may doubtless fall, but not degenerate into a hardened criminal. But what do we find in most criminals? An education totally neglected in every respect, and in general an entire ignorance of the doctrines of religion, which on examination excites astonishment. For the most part the fault lies not in the unfortunate criminals themselves, nor in their want of good will towards what is good and useful, but in the scandalous neglect of their parents and tutors, who, it is true, are always ready to adduce a thousand excuses for their error. Such criminals suffer for the faults of their parents, who neglected the most sacred duties towards their children, and inconsiderately prepared for them so bitter a lot. We must therefore make it a principal object, more properly to cultivate the natural talents of these men, if we expect them to lead a better life in future." The author affirms that he has had many practical proofs of the correctness of the above ideas.

In the account of the management of the prisons, Mr. Martens observes that the construction of them renders it impossible entirely to follow the system which might be the most advantageous. In general, he recommends mild treatment, strict attention to the character of the prisoners, in order to influence their minds so as to produce a favourable effect. Those who are acquainted with any mechanical profession he would allow to continue the practice of it, lest they lose the aptness requisite in such professions. Those who are ignorant, should be instructed in some profession by which they may gain a subsistence when the term of their imprisonment expires. A strict classification of the prisoners he holds to be absolutely indispensable, to prevent the bad from corrupting the good, and especially to cherish that sense of shame which many still retain, which would be extinguished if they were confounded with incorrigible malefactors. In the prisons of Hamburg, one grand desideratum is to have at the head of all such establishments a man of unexceptionable character, endowed with a true knowledge of the human heart, acquainted with the world, fully sensible of the importance of the office confided to him, and zealous in the performance of its duties. In the Hamburg prisons, under the author's management, every thing has been done to preserve the health of the prisoners by cleanliness, good air, wholesome and sufficient food, labour, and recreation; they are clothed, on their entrance, in a particular dress, their own clothes being preserved to be delivered to them on their leaving the prison. As much liberty is allowed them as is consistent with their situation. Their work is taxed at a certain equitable rate; a part is put to the credit of the establishment, a part to the credit of the prisoners, to be given them on their discharge; and a part is paid them in ready money, which they are allowed to lay out in procuring themselves any little comforts they may desire; the inferior officers residing in the house being permitted to sell to the prisoners tobacco, provisions, and liquors, for ready money. The regulations for this petty trade are very strict, the prices being fixed by the superior officers, and a table of them hung up in the room where the prisoners work. The hours of the day when these articles may be furnished, and the quantities, also determined.

The Appendix contains various papers of instructions for the physician; for the master of the Spinnhaus, and his wife; for the overseer of the works; and numerous tables, showing the internal state of the prisons, the number confined in different years, calculations of the expenses, the profits of the work done, &c. &c.

Notwithstanding the many local differences, there can be little doubt that many useful hints might be derived from Mr. Martens' work; which is well worthy the attention of the Committee for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, whose benevolent labours have already produced such happy effects in this country, and who must be highly gratified at this additional illustration of the benefits of the humane system which they so zealously advocate.

We should have stated that great care is taken for the religious instruction of the prisoners. The Spinnhaus, and another prison called the Zuchthaus (house of correction), have their own chapels, where divine service is regularly performed.

Instructions in Topographical Plan Drawing, forming a Guide to the just Conception and accurate Representation of the Surface of the Earth in Maps and Plans. Founded upon the System of J. G. Lehmann, late Major in the Saxon Service, &c. With Eleven illustrative Plates. By W. Siborn, Lieut. h. p. 9th Infantry. 1822. Whittakers.

Our notices of scientific works like the one before us are necessarily as brief as they are rare. The most we can generally do is to inform the world of their existence, and leave to those whom they interest, to discover for themselves their particular nature, and accurately appreciate their value. As regards the present work, we confess we ought to have given this information much earlier, but they who are inclined to judge an omission of this kind with harshness, are little aware of the incessant calls upon our attention, or the multifariousness of the occupations necessarily entailed upon those who undertake to be the reporters of the whole world of English literature. Some attention is certainly due to a work, which if its principles be well founded (as we think they are) promises to make a complete revolution in the nature and appearance of maps, plans, and charts, and in this sense *change the face of the globe*. We have long conceived that a very material improvement might be made in our mode of drawing maps and plans: the accurate distances between the various objects scattered over the surface of a country, comprise in fact their only value. Some attempt is certainly made to give us an idea of the natural features of ground, but the mode of representation is so vague and indefinite, that we are only enabled to discern the general character of the country, and even this with no degree of certainty, since for want of an established system, some draughtsmen will represent slight inequalities as strongly as others do hills of considerable elevation. It is not perhaps generally known how frequently it happens that the draughtsman has scarcely any thing to do with those highly finished engravings of hilly ground, which though they merely suffice to convey to us an idea of the general character of the country, are the result of the fancy of the engraver. A very slight sketch is usually given by the draughtsman to the engraver, which the latter is enjoined to complete and beautify in the way suggested to him by his experience in the art of map-engraving. But in maps and plans drawn according to the system which is now generally adopted on the Continent, and of which Lieut. Siborn has given us a concise and satisfactory elucidation, we not only observe at the first glance the general character of a country, but also distinguish the exact formation of every single part of its surface. We are further enabled to estimate the degree of inclination of every single slope, as well as the difference in height between any two points, to construct accurate sections of the ground in any direction, and consequently to ascertain the boundary of sight at any point. Another most important advantage which this system possesses, is that which enables us to detect the inaccuracies of the delineation of ground in any plan, without our being obliged to compare it with the country of which it professes to be a faithful representation.

This system, which is the invention of the late Major Lehmann, a Saxon officer of con-

siderable talents and merit, was first practised in Saxony during the late war in Germany, and is now generally adopted on the Continent; and we feel confident that its merit, and the advantages it possesses over the old modes of plan-drawing, will secure for it that reception in this country, which it so well deserves. In this system *strokes* are also used to represent the formation of ground, but arranged in such a manner as to indicate the exact direction of its descent, viz. by being placed lengthwise, in that direction in which a heavy body would roll during its shortest course from a higher to a lower point of ground; whence it follows, that a line drawn at right angles through these strokes must have every where an equal height. They likewise represent the degree of inclination of a declivity by means of a certain proportion being observed between their thickness and the breadth of their intervening white spaces. These simple principles upon which Major Lehmann's system is founded, secure to it all the important advantages above enumerated. Their application is extremely easy, and the effect which this produces upon the paper very beautiful, as a proof of which a single glance at the well-executed plates (chiefly by Lowry) is sufficient.

We shall not enter minutely into the details of the system, our object having been rather to direct the attention of all civil and military surveyors, engineers, &c. to the appearance of a general system of plan-drawing, which has so long been a great desideratum in this branch of the arts, but conclude with the conviction that its importance and merits will not fail to meet with the same approbation and encouragement in this country, which it has already received on the Continent.

TRAVELS IN NUBIA, SYRIA, &c.

[By Captains Irby and Mangles: Fourth Notice.]

Having in our last Gazette done as much justice as our limits permitted, to their very interesting account of Petra, we shall now employ a few columns on some of the more miscellaneous intelligence brought before us by Captains Irby and Mangles; and we are the less reluctant to occupy so much space with this volume, not only because, as an unpublished work it is of necessity rare, but because it is in itself both entertaining and valuable.

Leaving Petra hardly half satisfied, our authors say

"On the first afternoon, we undertook the ascent to the little edifice, which is visible from all the country round, upon the very highest and most rugged pinnacle of this range of mountain, and is called 'the Tomb of Aaron.' The Tomb of Moses has been so grossly misplaced by the Mussulmen, who shew it half a day's journey beyond Jordan to the westward, that we might look with some suspicion to one assigned to his brother, were it not that Josephus expressly says of the place of his decease, that it was near Petra. Compare also Mosera with Moses, and it seems that the monument and the ruins mutually authenticate each other; we had no doubt, therefore, that the height which we were going to ascend, is the Mount Hor of Scripture. The base of the highest pinnacle of the mountain is a little removed from the skirts of the city to the westward; we rode to its foot over a rugged and broken tract, passing in the way many sepulchres, similar to those which have been described.

A singular monument presents itself upon the left hand; an obtuse cone, produced by the coils of a spiral, is represented as standing on a vast square pedestal or altar, the whole being obtained out of one of the peaked summits of the rock. Not far from thence, close to the way side, is the same representation in relief, within a niche which we have remarked upon in the eastern approach, the form of the recess which surrounds the altar rising into the figure of a sugar loaf. No where is the extraordinary colouring of these mountains more striking than in the road to the tomb of Aaron, which we followed, where the rock sometimes presented a deep, sometimes a paler blue, and sometimes was occasionally streaked with red, or shaded off to lilac or purple, sometimes a salmon colour was veined in waved lines and circles, with crimson and even scarlet, so as to resemble exactly the colour of raw meat; in other places there are livid stripes of yellow or bright orange, and in some parts all the different colours were ranged side by side in parallel strata; there are portions also with paler tints, and some quite white, but these last seem to be soft, and not good for preserving the sculpture. It is this wonderful variety of colours observable throughout the whole range of mountains, that gives to Petra one of its most characteristic beauties; the façades of the tombs, tastefully as they are sculptured, owe much of their imposing appearance to this infinite diversity of hues in the stone."

Over this singular country an old Arab guide conducted them, and up the difficult access of the mountain to the tomb at top, which is "enclosed in a small building, differing not at all in external form and appearance, from those of Mahomedan saints, common throughout every province of Turkey. It has probably been rebuilt at no remote period; some small columns are bedded in the walls, and some fragments of granite, and slabs of white marble, are lying about. The door is near the SW. angle, within which a constructed tomb, with a pall thrown over it, presents itself immediately upon entering; it is patched together out of fragments of stone and marble that have made part of other fabrics. Upon one of these are several short lines in the Hebrew character, cut in a slovenly manner; we had them interpreted at Acre, and they proved to be merely the names of a Jew and his family who had scratched this record; it is not probable that any professed Jew has visited the spot for ages past, perhaps not since the period of the Mahomedan conquest; it may lay claim, therefore, to some antiquity, and in any case is a curious appendage to the testimony of Josephus on this subject. There are rags and shreds of yarn, with glass beads and pears, left as votive offerings by the Arabs. Not far from the NW. angle is a passage, descending by steps to a vault or grotto beneath, for we were uncertain which of the two to call it, being covered with so thick a coat of whitewash, that it is difficult to distinguish whether it is built or hollowed out. It appeared in great part at least, a grotto; the roof is covered, but the whole is rude, ill-furnished, and quite dark; the shelby, who was not informed that we were Christians, a circumstance which our guide was not aware of, furnished us with a lamp of butter. Towards the farther end of this dark vault lie the two corresponding leaves of an iron grating, which formerly prevented

all nearen approach to the tomb of the prophet; they have, however, been thrown down, and we advanced on as to touch it; it was covered by a ragged pall. We were obliged to descend bare-footed, and were not without some apprehension of treading on scorpions or other reptiles in such a place.

On the 5th of June, the travellers reached Rabba, formerly Rabbath-Moab, afterwards Areopolis; the ruins are situated on an eminence, and present nothing of interest, except two old ruined Roman temples, and some tanks. The whole circuit of the town does not seem to have exceeded a mile, which is a small extent for a city that was the capital of Moab, and which bore such a sounding Greek name. We were yet more surprised not to find any traces of walls about it. We passed the night at a small camp near the ruins; it is the only Christian camp we have ever been in; they told us there were altogether five encampments of Christians. They were poor people, but connected with families in Kerek; occasionally they take their turn in the town, and send others to take theirs in the camp. A deep gully behind their tents led to the Dead Sea. This evening, about sun-set, we were deceived by a dark shade on the sea, which assumed no exactly the appearance of an island, that we did not doubt of it, even after looking through a telescope. It is not the only time that such a phenomenon has presented itself to us; in two instances, looking up the sea from its southern extremity, we saw it apparently closed by a low, dark line, like a bar of sand to the northward; and on another occasion two small islands seemed to present themselves between a long sharp promontory and the western shore. We were unable to account for these appearances, but felt little doubt that they are the same that deceived Mr. Seetzen into the supposition that he had discovered an island of some extent, which we have had opportunity of ascertaining, beyond all doubt, does not exist. It is not absolutely impossible, however, that he may have seen one of those temporary islands of bitumen which Pliny describes as being of several acres in extent, and from which he adds, that the Egyptians drew their store of resinous matter for embalming their mummies.

From Moab the journey was directed into the land of the Amorites, where were seen two rude unsculptured stones about ten feet in height, and conjectured to belong to the bound-stones so frequently mentioned in Scripture; and also, on the summit of a knoll near a rivulet, a very large quadrangular platform, constructed of rude stones laid together without cement. It is possible that this may be one of the altars of the high places. It is still a place in some measure consecrated; there is a tomb at the top with a heavy Bedouin notice offering hanging about it. Other and similar antiquities are thus spoken of, near Mayan, perhaps the Beal Meon of the Bible, the hot springs still remaining, to which the direct track is continued from this first road to the southern side of the rocky hill rising to some height, and in a great measure detached from the surrounding hills. Some remarkable objects, of which we got a glimpse, induced us to pass round on the other side of this knoll; they are rude unsculptured monuments of the same nature, with those we discovered on our road from Esau to the Jordan on our last tour; yet, at the former are rude throughout,

without any mark whatever of the tool about them; whereas the others have universally a door in one of the smaller ends, it is possible that they may date from a remoter period, or have belonged to a still ruder people. Their proportions vary considerably, as does their aspect, though the construction is uniform; one flat stone is laid in at the bottom, and this there can be little doubt covers the grave of the deceased; and, as there is no appearance of the tombs ever having been violated, it probably protects them to this day. They would be a highly interesting object for excavation, as it might possibly lead to the ascertaining of the form of some of the weapons and warlike apparel mentioned in Scripture. It is worth noticing, that however remote may be the period to which these sepulchres are to be referred, the stature of those contained in them is so far from gigantic, that it seems to have amounted to no more than the middle size of modern times.

Not only this rocky eminence, upon which we first observed them, is covered over on all sides with these barbarous structures, but some few are scattered in the fields upon a lower level, and a great many upon the sides of the surrounding hills, inasmuch that not less than fifty were in sight at one time.

Near Heshbon, at a place called by the natives Arrag-el-Emir, are the ruins of an edifice constructed of very large stones, some of which are twenty feet long, and so broad that one stone constitutes the thickness of the wall. The ruin is situated upon a square platform or terrace, of some extent, with a stream below. From the situation, and from the circumstance of large beasts, in relief, being sculptured about it, Mr. Banks believed it to be the palace of Hircan, who, according to Josephus, being driven across the Jordan by his brother Alexander, king of Jerusalem, had built a palace in this neighbourhood, surrounded by hanging gardens, traces of which are yet visible. There are many artificial caves in a large range of perpendicular cliff near it; some of these are in the form of regular stables, in which feeding-troughs still remain, sufficient for thirty or forty horses, with holes in the live rock for the head fastenings. Some of the caves are chambers and small sleeping apartments, probably for servants and attendants. There are two rows of these chambers; the upper one has a sort of projecting balcony across the front of the chambers. There is one large hall finely proportioned with some Hebrew characters inscribed over the door-way; the whole is approached by a sort of causeway.

Interesting as are the antiquities of this region, we must for variety's sake leave them for some particulars of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, &c. The Authors say, "We saw ten animals which the Arabs call Meiddu or Beddu; they are of the goat species, as large as asses, with long knotty horns which stand upright; some had beards; in colour they resembled the gazelle."

As we advanced, the wood became more thick; and at dark we stopped at a small open space covered with high grass and weeds. We went with our guide to a small distance to endeavour to shoot some wild boars; we hid ourselves close to the water, where all the trees were marked with mud left by the hogs in rubbing themselves. We heard them plainly advancing, but one of the

horses unluckily making a noise, they all ran off. These animals we were told are very numerous here. We returned to our bivouac. Our guide refused to go for water, fearing the serpents in the high grass; Mr. Legh, in the night, feeling something move underneath him, rose to see what it was, and found an adder coming up to him from under the edge of his blanket, attracted no doubt by the warmth of his body, as the night air was very cold; having a knife by him he cut the reptile in halves. In the morning we found another close to our sleeping place.

A very singular plant grows near the hot sources, of the bulk and stature of a tree; its foliage does not seem to differ from that of the common Broom. It bears a pod hanging down from it, about a foot or fourteen inches in length, fluted with convex ribs from the end to the point; we never met with this before.

While thus detained, a man brought some wheat to parch, and to our surprise we observed the ears of an unusual size, one of them exceeding in dimensions two of the ordinary sort, and on one stalk. Mr. Legh procured some, which he brought to England; it has succeeded very well; we have since learnt that it is not wholly unknown to botanists; it is a bearded wheat. The annexed representation is from nature, though to prevent delay the plant was unavoidably gathered too early (in July) to convey a correct idea of its size when at maturity.



Heshbon Wheat.

Wt. 103 grs. or 1 lb. Sec. 3 grs.

Length of Straw, 5 ft. 1 in.

No. of Grains in the Ear, 84.

English Wheat.

Wt. 42 grs. or 2 lb. 2 grs.

Length of Straw 4 ft. 2 in.

No. of Grains in the Ear, 41.

Of the Arab character in this part of the world, our countrymen do not speak so favourably as many preceding travellers. For example: "The love of liberty created in the wandering Bedouin, by his erratic habits, is instinctively cherished by him from his very infancy; impatient of every species of controul, and proud of his independence, he disowns and scorns the cultivating Arab. We found these people still deserving of their character for hospitality, but we never heard of the celebrated story of bread and salt,

ministration, distinguish him from the common herd of Mohammedan princes, and will secure him an honorable place in the records of the governments of his country.

The details which M. Mengin gives of the civil and financial administration, of the culture and produce of the soil, of the manners and customs of the people, of the various branches of manufacture, and the extent of trade, are the more interesting, as they have been collected from the highest sources, and verified by the writer. Familiarity with foreign languages and habits, the necessary result of M. Mengin's residence and pursuits, has not produced any forgetfulness of his mother tongue, for his work is as well written as it is conceived and arranged.

Mogse, a poem in four cantos, has just appeared from the pen of M. Néponucène Lemerrier, *Membre de l'Académie*. As in most of his poetical productions, there are many fine passages; but, at all events, the prose notes will sell the poem—they contain a very long and curious conversation between M. Lemerrier and Napoleon when first consul. The subject is the merit of the great captains of ancient and modern times, and the opinions of Buonaparte are given with that conciseness and decision which characterized that extraordinary man.

Madame la Comtesse de Genlis has two new works which will shortly appear:—the one, *L'Emploi du Temps*—the other, a romance, *Les Prisonniers*. They say that the number of volumes published by the Countess, nearly equals already that of those published by Voltaire; and as the lady is yet gay and ardent, she will, in all probability, beat the old gentleman in quantity.

Rossini est à Paris—avez-vous vu Rossini? is the inquiry from every mouth, at the bourse, in the passages where the cold drives the loungers, at the corner of the streets, and in the *égilse*. Such is the power of *mode*, that it has been remarked that many who do not know even who or what Rossini is, have both seen, and heard, and adored him. “*Ma chère, avez-vous vu Rossini?*” said a pretty little girl to another not less fair, who was kneeling beside her at St. Roch,—both of them being, by the by, at a short distance before *ma tante*, who was quite occupied with the motions of M. le Curé. “*Oui, ma chère, il preche comme un ange*,” replied the modish niece to her cousin. The cousin laughed out so loud that the devotions of *ma tante* were disturbed, and M. le Curé looking round to the corner whence issued the sounds of profane mirth, discovered to the pious old matron the fine face of her spiritual guide, so lighted up by a mingled sentiment of sweetness and indignation, as to edify her even more than her devout contemplation of his bows and genuflections. *Ainsi*, all ended well. “*Avez-vous vu Rossini, ma belle?*” exclaimed a fine stately Mademoiselle, wrapped in a satin cloak, to a merry-looking young friend, whose face was shaded by a long veil, and a plume descending from a Spanish hat, as they both marched on the terrace of the Tuilleries. “*Je vous en réponds*,” (said the impatient, stopping her friend short); “*il est arrivé hier au soir, et je l’ai vu avant me coucher*.”—“*Ah!—Oui, lui just misé taking l’Empécinado, and left Madrid immediately after the execution of that wretch Riego*.”—“*C’est très bien, Mademoiselle*,” said an old *mustache à demi solide*, who had been walking behind them—“*so much for the mode*.” However the fact is, that Rossini is serenaded every night by those who really know and

admire the *glorieux Maestro*, and before he starts for your capital he is to partake of a splendid repast, to be prepared for him by our most distinguished composers, performers, and authors.

M. Léon Thiessé, one of the editors of the *Constitutionnel*, and a clever prose writer, has completely failed in a tragedy, entitled the *Tribunal Secret*, just brought out at the Odeon.

Prince Talleyrand's manuscript letter is in few hands, but in every body's mouth. He tells the King that he has put him twice on the throne, and that it is due to their mutual confidences that his Majesty should order an *enquête* before the Chamber of Paris: and as for the rest, that it rather looks as if the allied Sovereigns were disposed to declare themselves the *exécuteurs testamentaires de Napoleon*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ALGEBRA: EQUATIONS.

A Work has just been put into our hands, which, if it fulfils its pretension, (and as far as we can hastily ascertain it does,) will make the most important era in science since the days of Euclid. It is entitled “*A New, General, and Algebraical Solution of the higher Orders of Equations; with Solutions of Equations to the Tenth Degree inclusive*.” The author is Mr. John Buck, of Queen's College, Cambridge; * and thus this University, so long famous for its Mathematical and Algebraical studies, will share the honour of one of the greatest achievements of the age.

Of a publication so essentially devoted to scientific demonstrations, it is out of our power to convey (at the moment) any thing like detailed means of judging: we can only describe it generally. The hitherto insuperable difficulty of solving the higher orders of Equations by a method purely algebraical, is well known to every mathematician; and that, except to the second degree, no formula for such solutions existed. Cardan failed; Bonycastle discouraged the idea of advancing farther; and Lagrange despaired of ever accomplishing this grand triumph of science. But it does appear that Mr. Buck has accomplished it. He states in his Introduction—

“When the Author found that his method was certainly applicable to all equations which had integral roots, he did not, for a time, think of prosecuting his inquiry further. The first part of his manuscript had been sent to the press; and he at that time purposed to have published it, as making known a solution of integral equations only. On after-consideration, however, he thought, that as the formulae which he used were of a general nature, and derived from a general equation, they must necessarily apply as fully to all real roots; as to those which were integral. He then extended his plan, and added to his former examples, which embraced solutions of equations to the tenth degree inclusive; the solutions of equations having surd roots. The case of impossible roots did not appear so clear: the formulae, in their first state, were altogether unsuitable to the purpose; for, as, in the former cases, the solutions depended on fulfilling a double, triple, &c. equality, in the most simple cases of the Diophantine Analysis; to find a quantity which would fulfil the required conditions, was evidently attended with as much diffi-

culty as to determine a root of the equation. But, by a modification of the general plan, the finding of the impossible roots of a biquadratic is now rendered as simple as can be conceived.”

He candidly adds—“*As a note*.” “Although the plan adopted will invariably detect all the roots of any equation, the labour attending the experiment, when the degree of the equation is very high, renders the formula rather curious than useful. M. Lagrange, as cited by Mr. Bonycastle, says,—“That if we could, by any means, arrive at a general solution of equations of the fifth, and other higher dimensions, we should only obtain certain formulæ, which, though highly valuable in themselves, would be but of little use, in the effective resolution of numeral equations of these orders.” It appears to the Author, that his method is sufficiently precise, in the fifth and sixth degrees, to rescue it from the fault predicated by M. Lagrange, of any general and algebraic method that might be produced. The oneness and simplicity of operation in equations of all degrees, render the proposed plan unobjectionable on the point of difficulty. In fact, every equation is reduced to certain quadratics, representing the value of the unknown quantity; and, according to the degree of the equation, two, three, or more equalities are to be fulfilled, agreeably to the Diophantine Analysis.”

We have only time to add our congratulations on this important discovery.

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

OXFORD, Nov. 15.—On Wednesday last the Rev. Wyndham Knatchbull, D.D. Fellow of All Souls' College, was unanimously elected Archbishop Land's Professor of Arabic, by the Nominators appointed by the Founder of this Lecture, in the place of the late Dr. Winstanley.

Yesterday the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Bellairs, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. Swire, University College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. W. Peete, Wadham Coll.; Rev. P. Wilson, Trinity Coll.; Rev. J. Clayton, Pembroke Coll.; Rev. S. Hammond, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. W. Wakeman, Wadham Coll.; J. Wilson, St. Mary Hall; E. L. Badely, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 21.—On Saturday last the Degree of Bachelor in Civil Law was conferred severally on W. W. Burdon, Esq. Emmanuel Coll., and the Rev. R. S. Dixon, Trinity Hall.

The Subject of the Chancellor's English Poem for the present year is *Athena*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the second ordinary Meeting of this Society, was read the conclusion of the *ms. Report* relative to the Survey of the Coasts of Syria and Egypt, ordered by Henry v. preparatory, as that Monarch declared on his deathbed, to his attempting an Expedition for the deliverance of Jerusalem from the Infidels. The whole details of this valuable paper tend to confirm the highest opinions entertained of the foresight, prudence, and talents of the Conqueror of Agincourt. His preparations seem to have been matured in every point of view; and the dictum of Hume, on this particular subject, is unquestionably overthrown by the present paper.

* Published by Carpenter, London; Deighton, Cambridge; and Constable, Edinburgh.

[The *Ms.* we ought to state, is the original Report which descended in the writer's family; the Oxford *Ms.* is of a later period, in the time of Henry VI.]

A number of new Candidates were proposed for election as Members; and those proposed on the former Meeting were elected.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

SINCE this Novel was advertised, we have looked into the statistical account of Scotland, for some information as to the locality of the scene, and thence the probable character of the story. Our research, however, has not been attended with much success, or certainty of tracing.

In the account of the parish of Barvas, in the island of Lewis, Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. 19, p. 270, we find it stated, that

"Among other ruined Popish chapels or churches, is one dedicated to St. Mulray, to which the people around pay still a great deal of superstitious veneration. It is 50 feet long by 24 broad, and 16 feet in the side walls. A little to the north of it stood *Saint Ronan's*, and close by it to the south stood a house built by one of the Macleods, once the proprietors of the island." p. 270.

A little farther on in the account of the same parish, p. 271, "The island of Rona, situate on the Northern Ocean, about 16 leagues distant from Eorapir,* or the Butt of the Lewis (which is reckoned the furthest to the north-west of any in Europe) belongs to this parish," (viz. Barvas). "It is reckoned a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. There is a temple on it dedicated to *St. Ronan*. It is rented by one of the Ness Tacksmen at 4*l.* sterling per annum, who regularly every season sends a large open boat, and brings from it some corn, butter and cheese, a few sheep, and sometimes a cow, besides some wild fowl and feathers. There were once five families residing upon it, but now only one, employed by the tacksman as servants."

It is very evident that *St. Ronan* is particularly identified with this parish, from these two passages; but whether other parishes, possessing a well at least, might not lay claim to this saintship, we have not the means of determining. The little island of Rona is at such a distance, that it could scarcely be much frequented: 16 leagues 48 miles, this reverend writer says, and the distance is so formidable, even on the chart, that the great map has been obliged to place it twelve miles nearer than it is. Perhaps the *St. Ronan's* in the first passage, was the seat of the Macleods, and near the church of *St. Mulray*, to which "superstitious veneration" is still paid, with the assistance of the novelist's fancy, may supply a well.

We have heard a tradition, that *St. Ronan's Well* was famous for the cure of persons bewitched or labouring under the influence of charms and evil spirits. A fine subject for romantic story.

In the account of the Parish of North-maven (in the island called the Mainland,) county of Orkney and Presbytery of Shetland, we have a description of *Rona's Hill*, 3094 feet above the level of the sea, with a house on the highest eminence, constructed of four large stones, while two cover the top, under which six or seven persons may sit. It is called the "watch-house," vol. 12, p. 348.

* Orrey in the great map.

THE SPAEWIFE.

MR. GALT's new Novel, *The Spawwife*, we find is announced as nearly ready for publication. From the title, which is the familiar name in Scotland for a fortune-teller, we should be led to expect that much of the language is in the broad vernacular style which prevails too much in the earlier Novels of the author; but report states that this is not the case, and that it contains less of the ordinary Scotch dialect than any of his national Tales. The story is founded on a prediction mentioned in the Histories of the time relative to the assassination of King James I. of Scotland, and the leading characters are of course historical; but the *Spawwife* is said to be a creature of the author's fancy, framed upon the superstitions of the dark period in which the transactions take place.

LANGUAGES.

In a Literary Gazette of February, we remarked on some coincidences between the languages of North Africa and Wales; upon which subject a Correspondent says—"A highly competent judge, with perfect knowledge of the Gaelic, assured me he was able to explain satisfactorily the beginning of the fifth act of *Plautus's Poenulus*, and that therefore there could be no doubt that the Gaelic and Carthaginian were dialects of the same language." And he adds, "This circumstance, taken in connexion with that stated in your Gazette, not only goes to establish the identity of origin amongst the various tribes of Celts and Moors, but also to prove that the language of ancient Carthage still exists, in some of its ramifications, throughout the states of Barbary. Besides this, it is well known that several of the Irish clans, the O'Neils for instance, can trace their families backward into Spain, during its possession by the Moors."

"It becomes, then, a pursuit of obvious consequence to the historian, as well as intense interest to the philologist who is familiar with any dialect of the Celtic language, to trace the nature of this connexion which seems to exist between that language and the dialects of Northern Africa. And it is in the hope that this pursuit may be undertaken by some philologist adequate to the task, that I wish these observations to meet his eye, through the medium of your widely circulated miscellany."

FINE ARTS.

LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

WITH this Work we have expressed the highest satisfaction, and rejoice to see it proceeding with the same spirit with which it began.

The 4th Number, which has just made its appearance, completes the first volume of this interesting publication in octavo; a work not less valuable on the score of art, in the masterly execution of its numerous historical portraits, than for the real information which it conveys, in concise and pure language, respecting the greatest heroes and statesmen of our country. The following form the subjects of the first volume:—Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and the Countess of Sunderland, the beautiful original of Waller's *Saccharissa*, both after *Vandyke*, from Lord Egremont's Collection. Sir Philip Sydney and Queen Jane Seymour, after Sir Antonio More and Holbein, from the Woburn gallery; Queen Anne Bullen, and Howard,

Earl of Arundel, after Holbein and Rubens, from the Warwick collection; Sir Walter Raleigh and the Protector Somerset, from the Marquis of Bath's collection; Lord Bacon, after *Vansomer*, and Archbishop Cranmer, from the British Museum; the first Duke of Hamilton, after *Vandyke*, from Hamilton Palace; the great Lord Burghley, from Burghley House; Earl of Sunderland, from Lord Spenser's gallery at Althorp; Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, from his Grace's collection at Norfolk House; Sir Nicholas Carew, from Dalkeith Palace, after Holbein; Sir Francis Drake, Selden, Wolsey, Sir T. Gresham, and the Earl of Sussex, the whole from various sources of unquestionable authenticity.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

Fourth Series.

SKETCH II.—THE COVENANTERS.

Mine home is but a blackened heap
In the midst of a lonesome wild,
And the owl and the bat may their night-watch keep
Where human faces smiled.
I rocked the cradle of seven fair sons,
And I worked for their infancy;
But, when like a child in mine own old age,
There are none to work for me!

Never! I will not know another home.

Ten summers have pass'd on, with their blue skies,
Green leaves, and singing birds, and sun-kiss'd fruit,
Since here I first took up my last abode,—
And here my bones shall rest. You say it is
A home for beasts, and not for humankind,
This bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale
Below is beautiful. I know the time
When it looked every beautiful to me!
Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak
Stands black and leafless, as if scorched by fire,
While round it the ground seems as if a curse
Were laid upon the soil? Once by that tree,
Then covered with its leaves and acorn crop,
A little cottage stood: 't was very small,
But had an air of health and peace. The roof
Was every morning vocal with the song
Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nest
Was built in safety underneath the thatch:
A honeysuckle on the sunny side
Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets,
Around was a small garden: fruit and herbs
Were there in comely plenty; and some flowers,
Heath from the mountains, and the wilding bush,
Gem'd with red roses, and white apple blossoms,
Were food for the two hives, whence all day long
There came a music like the pleasant sound
Of lulling waters. And at even-tide
It was a goodly sight to see around
Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health,
And youth and happiness; these were my children,
That cottage was mine home.
There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were hunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,
Darkened with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murdered infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forgo the faith
I had grown up in. I was one of these:
How could I close the Bible I had read
Beside my dying mother, which had given
To me and mine such comfort? But the hand
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt,
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame,

Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words
Praying for mercy, and then childish screams
Of fear and pain. There were these the last night
The white walls of my cottage stood; they bound
And flung me down beside the oak, to watch
How the red fire gathered, like that of hell,
There sprang one to the lattice, and leant forth,
Gazing for the first time—*my own fair girl!*
My only one! The chain hangs me still.
The white arms miss'd so heaven, and the long hair,
Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head
Upright, from terror. In th' accursed glare
We knew each other; and I heard a cry
Half tenderness, half agony,—a crash—
The roof fell in;—I saw my child no more!
A cloud closed round me; a deep thunder-cloud,
Half darkness and half fire. At length sense came,
With a remembrance like that which a dream
Leaves, of vague horrors; but the heavy chain,
The longsome straw which was mine only bed,
The sickly light through the dim bars, the damp,
The silence, were realities; and then
I lay on the cold stones and wept aloud,
And prayed the fever to return again
And bring death with it. Yet did I escape,—
Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,
And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow;
I thought then I would seek my desolate home;
And die where it had been. I reached the place:
The ground was bare and scorched, and in the midst
Was a black heap of ashes. Frankly
I groped amid them; ever and anon
Meeting some human fragment, skulls and bones
Shapless and cinder, till I drew a curl;
A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,
Satin-like and golden, as but then just severed,
A lock-gift from the head: I knew the hair—
It was my daughter's: there I stood, and howled
Curses upon that sight. There came a voice,
There came a gentle step—*even on that heap
Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour
To the great God my gratitude! That curl
Was wet with tears of happiness; that step,
That voice, were sweet familiar ones,—one child,
My eldest son, was sent me from the grave!*
This night he had escaped.
We left the desolate Valley, and we went
Together to the mountains and the woods,
And there inhabited in love and peace,
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,
And roused them to avenge their many wrongs.
Yet would they not in battle, and the arm
Of the oppressor was at first too mighty.
Albeit I have lived to see their bonds
Rent like burnt fax, yet much of blood was spilt,
Or ever the deliverance was accomplished.
We fled in the dark night. At length the moon
Rise on the midnight, when I saw the face
Of my last child was ghastly white, and set
In the death agony, and from his side
The life-blood came like tears; and then I prayed
That he would rest, and let me stanch the wound.
He nodded me to fly, and then lay down
Upon the rock, and died. This is his grave.
His home and mine. Ask ye now why I dwell
Upon the rock, and to the vale beneath?
I, E. L.

I came to the beach when the winds were abroad,
And the tempest, vex'd spirit was wailing aloud;
And the billows, as wildly and fiercely they roar'd,
Dash'd their rocks at whose foot they had
bow'd, and all in bows two and four
Yet, firm in its grandeur, unalter'd it stood.
While idly they sought the vain combat to wage,
Still it rear'd its proud head like the king of the
flood.
It had scorn'd their poor homage, it fear'd not
How few are the minds, by life's trials when proved,
That have borne the rude conflict unchang'd as
the rock.
That have stood in the sunshine of Pleasure un-
Nor shrink from Adversity's pitiless shock.

FREDERICK M.

ON THE SEA-SHORE.

What are the dreams of him who may sleep
Where the solemn voice of the troubled deep
Steals on the wind with a sullen roar,
And the waters foam along the shore?
Who sheltered lies in some calm retreat,
And hears the music of waves at his feet?
He sees not the sail that passes on
O'er the sunny waste of the sea alone,
The farthest point that gleams on the sight,
A vanishing speck of glittering light;
He sees not the foam that, spreading wide,
Throws its lines of snow on the dark green tide;
Or the billows that rush with that crest of foam,
As they strove which first should reach their home.
—Their home! what home has the restless main,
Which only arrives to return again!
Like the wanderer she bears on her stormy breast,
Who seeks in vain for a place of rest.
His visions bear him swiftly along
To rocks that have heard the sea-maid's song;
Or, borne on the surface of some dark surge,
Unharm'd he lies, while they onward urge
Their rapid course, and wait him away
To islands half hid 'midst the shadowy spray,
Where trees wave their boughs in the perfumed gale,
And bid the wave-borne stranger hail!
Where birds are fitting like gems in the sun,
And streams over emerald meadows run,
That whisper in melody, as they glide,
To the flowers that blush along their tide,
Sorrow ne'er came to that blissful shore,
For no mortal has entered that isle before.
There the Halcyon waits on the sparkling strand,
Till the bark of her lover, the Nautilus, land;
She spreads her purple wings to the air,
And she sees his fragile vessel there;
She sees him float on the summer sea,
Where no breath but the sigh of his love may be.
The dreamer leaps towards the smiling shore,
When, lo! the vision is there no more.
His trees, its flowers, its birds are gone,
A waste of waters is spread alone.
Plung'd in the tide, he struggles again,
Fighs his pour, and he strives in vain.
He sinks! the billows close over his head,
He sinks!—his over—his dream is dead.
Secure he lies in his calm retreat,
And the idle waters sail, save at his feet.—M. E.
Little Hampton, Oct. 1823.

SONNET—THE DEATH OF MOSES.

"And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old
when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural
force abated."—Deut. xxxiv. 7.
A shadow passed before me, and the form
Of dying Moses on my vision rose:
Albeit he wore upon his aged brow
All that youth has of passionate and warm.
I looked once more, and saw the faded scroll
On which 'twas writ the Prophet was to die;
And o'er his face th' eternal curtains roll,
Drawn by the hand of sweet Euthanasia.
His placid cheek assumed no paler dye
When his pure spirit burst from life's controul,
Nor age had cast her dimness on his eye;
But the bright angel that received his soul
Threw such unearthly calmness in his air, [there,
That I had never deem'd the light of Death was
Brighton. G. B. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.
Shirts of war fitting out for the West India
and South American stations: long yards
can't go on;—what does it signify? You
shall have a Sketch, ay, a dozen of Sketches,
before you know where you are. This, you see,
is only an apology from
AN OLD SAILOR.

Copy of a Bill, from the Original.
Mr. David Ellis Balgocoon, May 34, 1814.
To Mrs. Sooter debtor
For Brackage done the widows Consarnes in
the Skirmage at her place on Wednesday
night by the Cursing party.
To the Reverent Mr. Maxwell Esquire knocking
Mr. Jones through the clock glass. 0-6 10
To Master Frank Ogle Esquire knocking out
down Joseph and his brethren and
broken the frame. 0-2 6
To do, spoiling the image of my dear son ted, and
Dick which cum from Filadelfy and altho
the neabours said was like him. 0-6 0
To your cousin Mr. Essex Forest broke
three feet off the leg of Mahogany table
forage that he would not be let Jones 0-4 4
The girl says young Western kick a plate
off the desk and broke Miss Smiths 3
real English flint glass tumblers which
I borrowed for your honour you mind,
and I cannot get any like em. 0-3 3
To Mr. Jones for braken the Grid from
handle when he shouldered it at the
Captain of the army in rage. 0-2 2
To mend the lock of the door which
Mr. Maxwell Esquire spoiled in locking
Master Frank and himself in with Jones
when he brot the Pistole 0-1 1
To braken a favorite Chamber for yourself
my mind in the room behind the kitchen 0-2 2
To braken two chairs, 0-2 2
To braken the big jug your honour made
strong punch in 0-1 1
To harm done the room braken the other
part of the Grid iron and other damage
which hurt the house terribly 0-5 0
Mr. Ellis Esquire ad of dain 0-1 7
Sir,—You see all I suffer by the party that
cam on the cursing party and it would be
hard if the widows Consarnes are rackt and
no suffer. Mr. Maxwell allow that you been
the Chairman of the company would pay the
damage therefore make both to send the bill
to you which all the neabours call it little
canst for me to get ad awal ad to
Dear Sir—Your humble servant
DARY SOOTER.

DRAMA—TRAGEDY

DEITY CALE

NOTWITHSTANDING the popularity of the Hippo-dramatic authors of the present day, we are happy to find that their success has not altogether disgusted wiser men, but that we can still find one who has courage enough to attempt a dramatic production of a more legitimate description, and present it fearlessly to the public for their approbation or rejection. The author of "Caius Gracchus" has already given us an earnest of the ability he possesses for the task he has undertaken, in his tragedy of *Virginia*, a play that is certainly entitled to assume a very high rank amongst the modern tragedies. His well earned success in this particular instance has, we should presume, encouraged him to take his present subject, likewise from the republic of Rome; and although the life of Caius may not, generally speaking, contain any one incident so powerfully calculated to awaken the feelings, and interest the heart as the sacrifice of Virginia, yet the history of a man who devoted his talents, his labours, nay, his life itself, to resist the encroachments of tyranny and oppression, and rescue his fellow citizens from the worst of slavery, cannot but be interesting to every individual, and must afford many opportunities for a noble display of the genius of the poet and the powers of the actor. The plot of *Caius Gracchus*, as performed on Tuesday last, is briefly as follows:—The play opens with the trial of Vettius before the Consular Tribunal: the prosecution is gone through, and the accused pleads guilty to the charge. At this juncture, Caius rushes into the forum, and enters upon his friend's defence. His appeal is so powerful, that the people give a verdict of acquittal. The success of this his first appearance in public, and the popularity that he acquires in consequence of it, excite the jealousy of the Senate, and by the contrivance of the Consul Flaminius he is sent into Sardinia, as Questor to the army. Here he conducts himself so much to the satisfaction of the provinces, which were to supply and clothe the soldiers, that the Senators determine if possible to disgrace him, and certain charges are brought against him which they fondly think will ruin him in the affections of the people. He, hearing of these unfounded accusations, suddenly appears in Rome, and rebuts them so successfully, that he is chosen one of the Tribunes of the people. Optimus, who is now Consul, and who has ever been his bitterest enemy, seeing the impossibility of checking his career by fair means, has recourse to an artful stratagem. He induces Drusus, who is serving with him, and who is easily beguiled, to endeavour to rob Gracchus of his adherents, by proposing laws still more favourable to the citizens than those recommended by his colleague, and to tell the people that they all originated with the Senators, who wish to be considered as their true friends. The scheme easily succeeds—a quarrel ensues between the tribunes, and Caius loses many friends. Knowing, however, that all this is done by the Senate that he may be the more easily destroyed, he determines to go boldly to the Forum, there to state his case, and insist upon the passing of the laws he had proposed;—his friends follow him. The Lictors, who has to carry forth the entrails of the sacrifice, is slain by some of the rabble, A tumult ensues,

The party of Caius, after a short resistance, is defeated. He now flies to the Temple of Diana, for security;—the Consular party force the gates—and he, giving up all for lost, falls upon his own sword in the presence of his wife and mother." With these simple materials, and the addition of a domestic scene or two, in all of which the events as recorded by Plutarch are strictly followed, Mr. Knowles has constructed a tragedy, certainly fully equal, if not superior to any effort of the modern stage. The scenes are all of them highly dramatic—the interest never for a moment flags,—and the incidents follow in gradual succession, each serving in the most natural way to bring about the denouement of the whole. The language, as well as we could collect from a single hearing, appears to be in some places highly poetical, although in others we thought some of the allusions rather too homely for the dignity of the Tragic Muse, but of this we shall be better able to form a correct estimate when we shall have an opportunity of reading the Play. Macready, in the principal character, had the whole weight of the piece upon his shoulders, and the author has no reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which he embodied his conceptions. We have certainly never seen him upon any former occasion so uniformly and completely successful. The part indeed is better suited to his style of acting, than any in the province of the drama. Many of his peculiarities, which in other places appear as faults, are here strictly in unison with the character he has to represent, and are historically true. His sudden appearance in the Rostrum was extremely picturesque. His first address to the Senate was modest and unostentatious. His appeals to the Consul afterwards, upon his return from the army, were animated and impressive. His replies to Drusus, in the fourth act, were given in a tone of the most cutting irony and sarcasm; and his death was not only better managed than any we have ever seen, but was strictly and properly a Roman death. He never distorted his countenance for a single moment; he struck the fatal blow with undaunted resolution, "and in his garment muffling up his face" fell prostrate on the stage. We need hardly say that his efforts were rewarded, as they deserved to be, with the most tumultuous tokens of applause. Cornelia was allotted to Mrs. Bunn; but the part is not drawn with any great power. She imparted to it, however, all the interest of which it was capable; and her majestic figure and fine countenance accorded well with the idea we naturally form to ourselves of the "mother of the Gracchi." Mrs. West's Licinia was rather too noisy. This lady's sorrow is always of the most outrageous description: she appears to mistake rant for feeling, and she consequently fails to excite that sympathy which a more sustained and quiet exhibition of grief would naturally produce. Terry, in the plebeian leader, was quite at home. The native bluntness of his manner is well suited to the sturdy demagogue, and many of his hits appeared to be much relished. The rest of the performers did their best, and the Play was altogether very tolerably acted. After the Tragedy had been announced for repetition, we were fa-

It has just been published, but we would not overload our Number with too much of one thing; and therefore postpone the review.

voured with the worst Epilogue we were ever doomed to listen to. If the Manager can procure nothing better, we think it would be well for him to take Lord Dufferin's advice, and "let these dogs alone." What will our readers think of three of the best Actresses in the Theatre coming forward to speak a quantity of duggrel, full of absurdity and fulsome flattery, and containing lines of which the following were the best we can remember:

"O dear, how droll,
There's a man with S. P. G. R. stuck on a pole,
Or the following—

"The actors seem here to have nothing to fear 'em;
Have they got up Wild Oats? Nay, the horses have
eat 'em."

Who the author of this choice morcean may be, we have not yet learnt. We would however earnestly recommend him to devote himself for the future to some other employment. The Muses certainly disown him.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The *Gamster*, the only dramatic effort of Moore's that keeps possession of the stage, was revived at this theatre on Saturday evening. The author of this tragedy, a man in rather an humble situation, quitted the toils of business to devote himself to the service of the Muses; and although his works may not exhibit many proofs of extraordinary talent or great poetical ability, yet there is so much propriety in all his writings—so much unaffected simplicity and ease, and at the same time the moral is so decidedly unobjectionable—that he is fairly entitled to the tribute of our praise; and had he written no other than the Play before us, would have deserved well of society at large, and might have claimed, with the strictest justice, a station amongst its greatest benefactors. The consequences arising from the detestable vice of gaming—more destructive than the sword, and "more raging than the pestilence,"—are here portrayed with the happiest effect. The plot possesses considerable interest; the characters are by no means ill drawn; the sentiments scattered throughout, are expressed with delicacy; the language is always pleasing, and sometimes poetical; and the scene being laid in the middle walk of life, the incidents come home to the bosoms of us all, and never fail to excite those feelings of sympathy, which the crimes and sorrows of kings and queens often fail of producing in the hearts of the audience. Mrs. Bartley (whose long absence from the stage we have frequently had occasion to regret, resumed her situation upon these boards in the part of Mrs. Beverley; and we were happy to observe that she was greeted with a cordiality which could not but have been gratifying to her friends. As it served to prove that though "out of sight," she has been by no means "out of mind," but that her return to her professional duties is looked upon as a favourable omen for the lovers of the drama. Mrs. Beverley is a trying part to play; and the difficulty consists in avoiding on the one hand too much formality and stately dignity, and on the other too much familiarity of address; either extreme of which would be incompatible with the character. Mrs. Bartley, we must acknowledge, seemed to be fully sensible of this; and her acting was consequently distinguished by singular correctness and propriety. In the first two acts, her even tone

of declamation appeared to great advantage; and some of her bursts of passion in the latter part of the play were given with considerable power and effect. The scene in which she was least equal to herself, was her interview with Stukely, into which she failed to throw a sufficient degree of energy and force in the expression of the resentment she should feel at his barefaced proposal. All the rest was highly creditable to her talents as an actress, and the applause with which she was so frequently honoured, bore testimony that this was the general opinion of the audience. Young was the Beverly, but, excepting in one or two places—such, for instance, as the mode in which he exclaims to Charlotte, "Come, kneel down and curse me," when he reveals to her the loss of her fortune; and his distracted look after she has taken the fatal poison, and his death,—he was, generally speaking, careless and impetuous in his delivery, and abounded in false emphasis. C. Kemble's Lewson was by far the most finished performance of the evening. There is a peculiar style and elegance of manner inseparable from this gentleman, that impart a consequence to such slight characters as this, which we shall in vain hope to see them assume whenever they may be consigned to other hands; and he is at present the only actor upon the stage who has grace enough to carry off the weight of a regular court dress. Mr. Cooper is likewise entitled to considerable praise. He assumed the wily hypocrisy of the treacherous friend in a way that argued much for his judgment and good sense; but what necessity there may be that he should disfigure himself as much as he possibly can, we have yet to learn. Stukely, at the same time that he is devoting the husband to destruction, is carrying on a scheme upon the person of the wife; and we should naturally suppose that he would wish to appear, in her eyes at least, as fascinating as he could. We know, indeed, that this error generally prevails upon the stage, and that villains of every description, whether open or concealed, are uniformly represented as black, scowling, ill-looking fellows; but this is a mistake. It is by no means the case in real life, and consequently should not be the case in our mimic representations of it. It is for this reason, therefore, that, well as Cooper played the part, we should like for once to see it in the hands of C. Kemble. His open manly countenance—his plausible address—and gentlemanlike deportment, would accord well with the influence he obtains over the mind of his unhappy victim, and complete much of the illusion that otherwise is wanting. For the like reason, we could wish to see him in Joseph Surface and Iago; and if he should ever turn his mind to these characters, we will venture to predict that his success in them would quickly overturn the prejudices at present existing, and drive all the ugly villains from the stage. Miss Beaumont's Charlotte was, in truth, anything but what it ought to be; but as we suppose the part was not chosen by herself, we refrain from saying anything further upon the subject.

Mr. Singeltree, whose performances had been so long delayed, that the expectations of the public were almost wearied out, at length made his first appearance on Wednesday evening, in the opera of "The Cabinet." The time that this gentleman has passed in Italy, appears to have been by no means

mispent. His voice, which was always of a very fine quality, is greatly improved in power, and his execution is, perhaps, the most finished we have ever heard. His high notes are so extremely clear, that they resemble a fine-toned instrument much more than any thing we have been accustomed to meet with in the human voice; at least, from a male singer; and the style of his falsetto is no less beautiful and highly cultivated. His lower notes, though not quite equal to his upper, are nevertheless of a very perfect kind; and we think he may be pronounced, without fear of contradiction, the most accomplished singer of the day. He has also acquired a certain portion of grace and elegance, in which he was formerly deficient, and he now treads the stage with confidence and ease. His first song, the "Beautiful Maid," was rapturously encored, and the audience were so delighted with his efforts, that, with the exception of a song composed by himself, which, but of compassion to his great exertions, was not called for a second time, he was compelled to undergo the same penalty in each of the succeeding ones. The Polacca, in the third act, was repeated twice. Miss Paton, as *Floretta*, gave the songs attached to the part with great science and effect, but she sometimes wanted spirit and archness in the dialogue. Mrs. Gibbs and Blanchard were excellent. In other respects, the opera (*The Cabinet*) was but ill done. Fawcett's *Peter* is not so good as his *Whimsical* used to be, and Larkin's *Whimsical* is bitter bad.

MINOR THEATRES.—At the Adelphi, the performance of *Tom and Jerry* continues nightly to attract the multitude, and the effects of such pieces have been dramatically imitated at the Surrey Theatre, and, we believe, the Coburg, at which the story of the late atrocious murder of Mr. Weare has been represented. Thus the public might trace the evil from its first low poisoning of the mind—from merry mischief and slang associations—from rows and gambling—to fraud, robbery, and assassination. But, how disgraceful to a country to have such scenes dramatized! To have wretches lingering in prison, untried, awaiting with horrid anxiety their final doom, personified on the stage with brutal mimicry! We wonder that general indignation did not at once extinguish what the laws have been evoked to put down.

VARIETIES.

The Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society opened its fourth session on the 7th. It was well attended, and by its proceedings afforded another instance of that dissemination of intelligence which distinguishes our era.

Mr. A. G. A. Schlegel's prospectus of *Ramayana*, by the ancient Sanscrit poet, Valmiki, has made a strong impression in our literary circles, and excited high expectations. In a conversation with the learned author, he mentioned to us his opinion that the Sanscrit would be found the root of all languages, except the Arabic and its derivatives. The Arabic is entirely different.

The Prospectus of a New Quarterly Review, to be called *The Westminster Review*, has been put forth. It disclaims party poli-

tics, and professes to be founded on general principles. The first Number is announced for January.

Mr. Wright, a Reporter to the Morning Herald, has in the press a Selection of One Hundred of the most humorous and entertaining of his Reports during the last three years, illustrated with numerous Wood Cuts by George Cruikshanks.

Julius Klaproth's Description of the Empire of China is preparing for publication in two quarto volumes. It will embrace a general historical sketch; and a statistical, commercial, &c. account of the various provinces. We look for a work of labour, research, and interest.

T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. author of *The King Oedipus* of Sophocles, has in the press an Epitome of Greek Prosody.

The Rev. Thomas Smith, editor of the accented *Eton Grammar* with Notes, has in the press a new edition of *Phædrus*, with the Scanning from the text of Sterling, whose *Persius* is also undergoing a new edition.

Lord Byron.—Letters from Cephalonia state, that Lord Byron, finding the Greek cause unpropitious for his co-operation, has stopped there to write some more cantos of the interminable *Don Juan*.

The celebrated composer, Salieri, to whom we owe the music of the *Danaises* and the *Tarare*, died on the 10th at Vienna, where he had resided a long time. He was a native of Legnago in the Venetian States, and seventy-three years of age.

The New Zealander who has lately been exhibited as a show about the country, died at Leeds, last week, of consumption. He was 22 years of age.

Gold Mines.—Some fine and productive gold mines have been discovered in the Ural mountains, and it is expected that the working of them will enrich the revenue of Russia.

Double sovereigns have been coined and issued from the Mint in small numbers.

Another Dog of Montargis.—A letter from Montargis, in the Paris Journals, gives a new instance of the intelligence so remarkable in the canine species. A dog accompanied his mistress, who was walking from Montargis to Orleans. At the wood near Bellegarde she was attacked by five robbers, who, after robbing, tied her to a tree. No sooner were they gone, than the animal set out in search of assistance. He found a farmer in a field, and by fawning upon him, going, returning, and other signs, endeavoured to prevail on him to follow; but the farmer, rather frightened at his obstinacy, was about to flog him, when a shepherd, who had observed the whole, advised him to accompany the sagacious dog. The two were soon joined by others, and the whole were conducted by the faithful creature to the relief of his mistress.

Antiquities.—At Wolvesey Castle, Winchester, there was discovered last week among the ruins, a spacious square vault, with fifty highly preserved and beautifully carved pillars. In one place was found a thick brass box, containing coins; three of which were gold of Canute's, and others silver much corroded. Copper coins were also found scattered in corners; six of these are ascertained to be Saxon. Another object of great interest was a female skeleton on the pavement. A detailed account of this ancient

sepulchre will, we hope, be furnished by some competent hand.

A Parisian journal, quoting the first line of an Ode in the *Moniteur*:

"These are seditious days!"

slily asks how it happens then that the proper legal authorities do not prosecute them?

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:
Landseer's *Sabian Researches*, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.—
Schmidtmeier's *Travels into Chili*, 4to. 2l. 2s.—
Doncan's *Travels in America*, 8 vols. 8vo. 16s.—
a Rhapsody, by E. Barton, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—
Mountalys, a Tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—
St. Johnstone, or John Earl of Gouvin, 3 vols. 12mo. 11s.—
Woman's a Riddle, 4 vols. 12mo. 11s.—
Complete Exposure of the late Irish Miracles, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—
Pursglove's Practical Farriery, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—
Time's Telescope for 1844, 12mo. 9s.—
Taylor's Arithmetical Notation, 8vo. 8s.—
Archbishop of Cashel's Charge 1822, 8vo. 2s.—
Brown on the Lord's Supper, 12mo. 5s.—
Eighteen additional Sermons on Christianity, 12mo. 4s.—
The Edinburgh Review, No. LXXVII, 4s.

METHEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

NOVEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 13	from 21 to 41	30.30 to 30.29
Friday ... 14	from 26 to 45	30.24 to 30.10
Saturday ... 15	from 43 to 51	30.11 to 30.25
Sunday ... 16	from 35 to 51	30.28 to 30.30
Monday ... 17	from 32 to 41	30.26 to 30.24
Tuesday ... 18	from 35 to 50	30.29 to 30.20
Wednesday ... 19	from 39 to 47	30.10 to 30.04

Prevailing winds, SW. and NE.—Generally cloudy; clear at times.

Edmonton. C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many communications are under consideration. We must again intimate to Correspondents, that if they desire attention within the week, they must write to us early, as the necessary preparations being made, we cannot displace matters and delay the printing of the large number required upon any account whatever.

We cannot insert the Mouse Fable.

M.S.'s lines are very pretty and tender, but they do want poetical correctness, and are therefore reluctantly dismissed.

ADVERTISEMENTS

IN THE PRESS.

In a few days will be published, in 3 vols. 12mo.

THE SPAEWIFE; a Tale of the Scottish Chronicles. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," "Kilgallon Gilbride," &c. &c. "They say—Quabst they?" Let them say." Aberdeen. Printed for Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. & W. B. Whittaker, London.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Beautifully printed in Fust 8vo. price 7s. 6d. bds.

CLARA, CHESTER; a Poem. By the Author of "Romie," and "The Vale of Chamouni." Printed for Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. & W. B. Whittaker, London.

By Longman & Co. Paternoster-row, price 20s.

A TREATISE ON THE NATURE AND CURE OF GOUT AND GRAVEL; with general Observations on Morbid States of the Digestive Organs; and on Regimen. By CHARLES SCUDAMORE, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians in London; Honorary Member of Trinity College, Dublin; Physician in Ordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, &c. &c.

The subject of Rheumatism, and of Neuralgia or painful Affection of Nerves, will be considered in a future volume.

Lately published, by the same Author, in 8vo. price 9s. **A Chemical and Practical Treatise on the most Celebrated Mineral Waters of this Country.**

Also, in the Press, and shortly will be published.

An Essay on the Blood, describing the Phenomena of Coagulation, the state of the Blood in inflammatory Disease; and recommending, as the result of Experiment, a Symplic Medicine, applicable to internal and external Hemorrhage.

Just published, in 8vo. price 9s. bds.

BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES INTERPRETED.—A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian Sentences and Quotations in Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; as also in the Notes of Christian, Archbold, and Williams.

Published by C. Reader, Law Bookseller, 29, Bell-Yard, Lincoln's-Inn; M. A. Nathan, 24, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden; J. Couture, Edinburgh; and R. Millikin, Dublin.

Of whom may be had, just published, **Cotta on the Administration of Criminal Justice in England.**

Map of Captain Parry's Voyage.

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER OF THE MIRROR, entirely devoted to the subject of NORTH POLAR EXPEDITIONS, containing a more complete Account than has yet appeared of Capt. Parry's last Voyage, with a Notice of all the previous attempts to discover the North-West and North-East Passages. It is embellished with a beautiful Map, engraved on Steel, pointing out the Discoveries of Capt. Parry in his two Voyages, as well as those of Capt. Ross, Capt. Franklin, and other Voyagers; and further enriched with two Engravings on Wood. Price Twopence.

MIRACLES, a Rhapsody. By E. BARTON. Price 2s. 6d.

2. A Complete Exposure of the late Irish Miracles; being a Disquisition on the Nature, Object, and Evidence of Christian Miracles, as opposed to the late Imposture, in a Letter to Doctor Murray, Titular Archbishop of Dublin. To which are prefixed, Preliminary Remarks on two recent Pamphlets, the "Rhapsody" and the "Vindication of the Principles, Civil and Religious, of the Irish Catholics." By a National Committee. The Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

3. An Attempt to explain, on Natural Principles, the Cures, alleged to be miraculous, of Miss Lefort and Mrs. Stewart. With an Appendix, containing Cases and Illustrations. By a Physician. The Second Edition. Price 1s.

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